

The Corsair.

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AN EXTRACT FROM BANNOCKBURN.

A Poem, which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, 1838.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER, SCHOLAR OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs." BURNS.

Sweet Bannockburn! the sun's departing beam
Flung o'er thy bonny land a ling'ring gleam,
And calm and peaceful fell the liquid ray,
'Mid rural scenery and woodland spray;
But e'er that beam another day had crown'd,
A ghastly ruin mock'd the charms around;
The green grass waved along the verdant plain,
Another day—'twas crush'd beneath the slain;
The streamlet sparkled but the eve before,
Another day—'twas red with clotted gore,
The wind scarce breath'd its melancholy moan,
Another day—'twas fraught with dying groan;
For England's host's and Scotland's patriot band,
In deathly struggle trod that fated land.

The day has dawn'd—the clarion's madd'ning sound,
From line to line proclaims the summons round;
The Douglas springs exulting from his rest,
Loud throbs the heart in Randolph's martial breast;
The quiv'ring war-steed hears the noted strain,
And feels the wonted fire in ev'ry vein;
The glittering falchions flash the pending doom,
As bursts the lightning from the tempest-gloom;
Pennon and banner float along the plain,
Plume nods to plume, and strain responds to strain.
Swift as the phantoms of a fairy wand,
In serried ranks the marshall'd armies stand;
A moment more, and England's proud array,
Like surging wave, rolls onward to the fray:
But ere they close, o'er Scotland's tartan'd bands,
The holy abbot spreads his sacred hands;
With helmet doff'd her rev'rent warriors kneel,
And breathe a fervent pray'r for Scotland's weal:—
'Tis done, 'tis done! the death-fraught words resound,
And death's dark banner wildly waves around.
Vain were the task for mortal eye to glean
The crowding horrors of the battle-scene:
Now madly onward swells the living main,
Now back recoils along the thund'ring plain;
Surge follows surge across th' affrighted strand,
And strews a ghastly wreck along the land.
Now gleams the flashing sword athwart the eye,
Now blends the death-shriek with the battle cry;
Now sinks the rider 'mid the ruthless fray,
Now speeds the madden'd steed his headlong way:
Here breathes the fainting knight his feeble pray'r,
The dying soldier screams his war-cry there;
Unnumber'd arms th' insatiate weapon wield,
And rank on rank bestrews the crimson'd field.
England's stout archers ply th' unerring string,
And missile show'rs their fatal errand wing:
But brief their victory—the thoughtful skill
Of Scotland's chief had met the pending ill:
Forth from the lines the mail-clad horsemen bound,
The thund'ring tramp re-echoes o'er the ground:
On, on they come! the torrent's wild career
Were nought to theirs; a shriek of frenzied fear—
A rending shock—and England's stalwart train,
One trampled mass besmears the reeking plain.

High wax'd thy triumph, loud thy revels rose,
When England's warriors fled before their foes.
On, on they roll—the mean, the high, the proud,
Commingle all—one vast despairing crowd:

On, faster on, pursues the storm of war,
Swells in the gale, and thunders from afar.
Ten thousand arms uprais'd the blood-stain'd brand,
Ten thousand corpses strewed the loathing land:
O'erwhelm'd and trampled in the frantic flight,
Unnumber'd victims quit the realms of light.
A gallant host they crossed the Scottish pale,
A shatter'd few returned to tell the tale;
And far and wide was heralded the fame,
Of Scotland's liberty, and England's shame.

Yet one there was*, a heart untaught to yield,
That ne'er had brook'd to turn from battle-field;
His king, his honour, claim'd his only care,
Death was his friend—he sought a triumph there.
His monarch safe, he check'd the foam-fleck'd rein,
And spurr'd his charger to the field again;
Bright flash'd his sword, and stream'd his helmet-plume,
As rushed the warrior to the glorious doom.
One gallant cry he gave, one knightly blow,
Ere closed the flood around their lonely foe;
Awhile he reel'd in strife convulsive tost,
Then slowly sank amid the whelming host.

The field was won—the pearly lamp of night
In heaven's high dome reveal'd her hallow'd light;
And trembling silence sought her tranquil throne,
Scared by the battle-din, the dying groan.
How changed the scene, since morn's betok'ning ray
With redd'ning hues proclaim'd the bursting day!
A rescued country greets the conqu'ring band,
One mighty rapture fills the mourning land;
Triumphant echoes ring from shore to shore,
And Scotland's voice proclaims her thralldom o'er.
'Tis joyous there—but sorrow's sickly reign,
Has cast its gloom o'er England's broad domain;
Alas for her!—her brightest hopes are fled,
Her smiles are o'er, her fairest flow'rs are dead;
Cheerless her homes—her gallant sons are gone,
Her gray-hair'd sires, to grief are left alone.
Cease wand'ring Fancy, cease the mournful strain,
Nor wake the slumb'ring pang to life again;
O leave the past—serener, happier hours
Expand their brightness to thy wayward pow'rs;
Insatiate war has fled from Britain's shore,
Calm'd is dismay, and discord howls no more.
See, gently clasp'd in friendship's soft embrace,
The sister-climes adorn their ocean-base;
Firm as their warriors, as their daughters fair,
They brave the storm, the calm united share;
So may they stand, and hold their genial sway,
While nations fall, and empires melt away;
So may they stand, till heaven's almighty doom,
Enwrap creation in its destin'd tomb!

* Sir Giles de Argentine.—SCOTT'S *History of Scotland*.

A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE THIRD.

So thoroughly was I tired out by the effects of the first day's fagging I had undergone in many months, and so sound was the slumber into which I sank the moment my head touched the pillow, that it scarcely seemed as if five minutes had elapsed between my falling into sweet forgetfulness, and my starting bolt upright in bed, aroused by the vociferous shout, and ponderous trampling—equal to nothing less than a full-grown rhinoceros—with which Tom Draw rushed, long before the sun was up, into my chamber.

"What's this—what's this now?"—he exclaimed—"why the d—! am't you up and ready!—why here's the bitters mixed, and Archer in the stable this half hour past, and Jem's here with the hounds—and you, you lazy snorting Injun, wasting the morning here in bed!"

My only reply to this most characteristic salutation, was to hurl my pillow slap in his face, and—threatening to follow up this missile with the contents of the water pitcher, which stood temptingly within my reach, if he did not get out incontinentally—to jump up and array myself with all due speed; for, when I had collected my bewildered thoughts, I well remembered that we had settled on a fox-hunt before breakfast, as a preliminary to a fresh skirmish with the quail.

In a few minutes I was on foot and in the parlor, where I found a bright crackling fire, a mighty pitcher of milk punch, and a plate of biscuit, an apt substitute for breakfast before starting; while, however, I was discus-

sing these, Archer arrived, dressed just as I have described him on the preceding day, with the addition of a pair of heavy hunting spurs, buckled on over his half-boots, and a large iron hammered whip in his right hand.

"That's right, Frank"—he exclaimed, after the ordinary salutations of the morning—"why that old porpoise told me you would not be ready these two hours; he's grumbling out yonder by the stable door, like a hog stuck in a farm-yard gate. But come, we may as well be moving, for the hounds are all uncoupled, and the nags saddled,—put on a pair of straps to your fustian trowsers, and take these racing spurs, though Peacock does not want them—and now, hurrah!"

This was soon done, and going out upon the stoop, a scene—it is true, widely different from the kennel door at Melton, or the covert side at Billesdon Coplow, yet not by any means devoid of interest or animation—presented itself to my eyes. About six couple of large heavy hounds, with deep and pendant ears, heavy well-feathered sterna, broad chests, and muscular strong limbs, were gathered round their feeder, the renowned Jem Lyn; on whom it may not be impertinent to waste a word or two, before proceeding to the mountain, which, as I learned, to my no little wonder, was destined to be our hunting ground.

Picture to yourself, then, gentle reader, a small but actively formed man, with a face of most unusual and portentous ugliness, an uncouth grin doing the part of a smile; a pair of eyes so small that they would have been invisible, but for the serpent-like vivacity and brightness with which they sparkled from their deep sockets, and a profusion of long hair, coal-black, but lank and curled as an Indian's, combed smoothly down with a degree of care entirely out of keeping with the other details, whether of dress or countenance, on either cheek. Above these sleek and cherished tresses he wore a thing which might have passed for either cap or castor, at the wearer's pleasure; for it was wholly destitute of brim except for a space some three or four inches wide over the eyebrows; and the crown had been so pertinaciously and completely beaten in, that the sides sloped inward at the top, as if to personate a bishop's mitre—a fishing line was wound about this graceful and—if its appearance belied it not most foully—odoriferous head-dress; and into the fishing line was stuck the bowl and some two inches of the shank of a well-sooted pipe. An old red handkerchief was twisted rope-wise about his lean and scraggy neck, but it by no means sufficed to hide the scar of what had evidently been a most appalling gash, extending right across the throat, almost from ear to ear, the great cicatrix clearly visible like a white line through the thick stubble of some ten days' standing that graced his chin and neck. An old green coat, the skirts of which had been long since docked by the encroachments of thorn-bushes and cat-briars, with the mouth-piece of a powder-horn peeping from its breast pocket, and a full shot-belt crossing his right shoulder—a pair of fustian trowsers, patched at the knees with corduroy—and heavy cowhide boots completed his attire.

This, as it seemed, was to be our huntsman, and sooth to say, although he did not look the character, he played the part, when he got to work, right handsomely. At a more fitting season, Harry, in a few words, let me into this worthy's history and disposition.

"He is"—he said—"the most incorrigible rascal I ever met with—an unredeemed and utter vagabond—he started life as a stallion leader, a business which he understands—as in fact he does almost every thing else within his scope—thoroughly well! He got on prodigiously!—was employed by the first breeders in the country!—took to drinking, and then, in due rotation, to gambling, pilfering, lying, every crime, in short, which is compatible with utter want of any thing like moral sense, deep shrewdness, and uncommon cowardice. He cut his throat once—you may see the scar now—in a fit of *delirium tremens*, and Tom Draw—who, though he is perpetually cursing him for the most lying critter under heaven, has, I believe, a sort of fellow feeling for him—nursed him and got him well; and ever since he has hung about here—getting at times a country stallion to look after, at others hunting, or fishing, or doing little jobs about the stable, for which Tom gives him plenty of abuse, plenty to eat, and as little rum as possible, for if he gets at a second glass it is all up with Jem Lyn for a week at least. He came to see me once in New York, when I was down upon my back with a broken leg—I was lying in the parlor, about three weeks after the accident had happened!—Tim Matlock had gone out for something, and the cook let him in—and, after he had sat there about half an hour, telling me all the news of the Races, and making me laugh more than was good for my broken leg, he gave me such a hint that I was compelled to direct him to the cupboard, wherein I keep the liquor-stand;—and unluckily enough, as I had not for some time been in drinking tune, all three of the bottles were brimful; and, as I am a Christian man, he drank, in spite of all that I could say—I could not leave the couch to get at him—two of them to the dregs; and, after frightening me almost to death, fell flat upon the floor, and lay there fast asleep when Tim came in again; who dragged him instantly, by my directions, under the pump in the garden, and soused him for about two hours, but without producing the least effect, except eliciting a grunt or two from this most seasoned cask. Such is Jem Lyn, and yet, absurd to say, I have tried the fellow, and believe him perfectly trustworthy—at least to me! He is a coward, yet I have seen him fight like a hero more than once, and against heavy odds, to save me from a thrashing, which I got after all, though not without some damage to our foes, whose name might have been legion!—He is the greatest liar I ever met with; and yet I never caught him in a falsehood, for he believes it is no use to tell me one!—He is most utterly dishonest, yet I have trusted him with sums that would, in his opinion, have made him a rich man for life, and he accounted to the utmost shilling—but I advise you not to try the same—for if you do he most assuredly will cheat you!"

Among the heavy looking hounds which clustered around this hopeful gentleman, I quickly singled out two couple of widely different breed and character—your thorough-bred racing fox-hounds, with ears rounded, thin shining coats, clean limbs, and all the marks of the best class of English hounds.

"Aye! Frank," said Archer, as he caught my eye fixed on them, "you have found out my favorites. Why, Bonny Belle, good lass, why Bonny

Belle!—here, Blossom, Blossom, come up and show your pretty figures to your countryman! Poor Hanbury—do you remember, Frank, how many a merry day we've had with him by Thorley Church, and Takely forest?—poor Hanbury sent them to me with such a letter, only the year before he died—and those, Dauntless and Dangerous, I had from Will, Lord Harewood's huntsman, the same season!"

"There never was sich dogs—there never was afore in Orange,"—said Tom. "I will say that though they be English—and though they be too fast for fox, entirely, there never was sich dogs for deer."

"But how the deuce," I interrupted, "can hounds be too fast, if they have bone and staunchness!"

"Staunchness be d—d, they holes them!"

"No earthstoppers in these parts, Frank," cried Harry—"and as the object of these gentlemen is not to hunt solely for the fun of the thing, but to destroy a noxious varmint, they prefer a slow, sure, deep-mouthed dog, that does not press too close on Pug, but lets him take his time about the coverts, till he comes into fair gunshot of these hunters who are lying perdu at his runs to get a crack at him."

"And pray," said I, "is this your method of proceeding?"

"You shall see, you shall see—come get to horse, or it will be late before we get our breakfasts, and I assure you I don't wish to lose either that, or my day's quail-shooting. This hunt is merely for a change, and to get something of an appetite for breakfast. Now, Tim, be sure that everything is ready by eight o'clock at the latest—we shall be in by that time with a furious appetite." Thus saying he mounted, without more delay, his favorite, the gray; while I backed, nothing loth, the chestnut horse; and at the same time to my vast astonishment, from under the long shed out rode the mighty Tom, bestriding a tall powerful brown mare, showing a monstrous deal of blood combined with no slight bone—equipped with a cavalry bridle, and strange to say, without the universal martingale—he was rigged just as usual, with the exception of a broad-brimmed hat in place of his fur cap, and grasped in his right hand a heavy smooth-bored rifle, while with the left he wheeled his mare, with a degree of active skill, which I should certainly have looked for any where rather than in so vast a mass of flesh as that which was exhibited by our worthy host. Two other sportsmen, grave, sober-looking, farmers, whom Harry greeted cheerily by name, and to whom in all due form I was next introduced, well mounted, and armed with long single-barrelled guns, completed our party; and away we went at a rattling trot, the hounds following at Archer's heels, as steadily as though he hunted them three times a week.

"Now arn't it a strange thing" said Tom—"arn't it a strange thing, Mr. Forester, that every critter under heaven takes somehow nat'rally to that are Archer—the very hounds—old Whino there! that I have had these eight years, and fed with my own hanc's, and hunted steady every winter, quits me the very moment he claps sight on him—'by the Eternal,' I believe he is half dog himself."

"You hunted them indeed;" interrupted Harry "you old rhinoceros, why hang your hide, you never so much as heard a good view halloo till I came up here—you hunted them—a man talk of hunting that carries a cannon about with him on horseback—but come, where are we to try first, on Rocky hill, or in the Spring swamps?"

"Why now I reckon, Archer, we'd best stop down to Sam Joneses', by the blacksmith's; he was telling t' other morning of an eternal sight of them he'd seen down hereaway, and we'll be there to rights!—Jem, curse you, out of my way, you dumb nigger; out of my way, or I'll ride over you"—for, travelling along at a strange shambling run, that worthy had contrived to keep up with us, though we were going fully at the rate of eight or nine miles in the hour.

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, suddenly pulling up at the door of a neat farmhouse on the brow of a hill, with a clear streamlet sweeping round its base, and a fine piece of woodland at the further side—"Hurrah! Sam Jones, we've come to make them foxes you were telling us of a Sunday, smell h—ll right straight away. Here's Archer, and another Yorker with him—leastwise an Englisher I should say—and Squire Conklin, and Bill Speers, and that white nigger Jem—look sharp, I say—look sharp, d—n you, else we'll pull off the ruff of the old homestead."

In a few minutes Sam made his appearance, armed, like the rest, with a Queen Ann's tower musket. "Well! well!" he said, "I'm ready; quit making such a clatter; lend me a load of powder, one of you; my horn's leaked dry, I reckon!"

Tom forthwith handed him his own, and the next thing I heard was Jones exclaiming that it was "desperate pretty powder," and wondering if it shot strong—

"Shoot strong—I guess you'll find it strong enough to sew you up, if you go charging your old musket that ways," answered Tom; "by the Lord, Archer, he's put in three full charges."

"Well, it will kill him, that's all," answered Harry very coolly; "and there'll be one less of you—but come! come! let's be bustling, the sun's going to get up already; you'll leave your horses here, I suppose, gentlemen, and get to the old stands; Tom Draw, put Mr. Forester at my old post down by the big pin-oak at the creek side, and you stand there, Frank, still as a church-mouse: it's ten to one, if some of these fellows don't shoot him first, that he'll break covert close by you, and run the meadows for a mile or two, up to the turnpike road, and over it to rocky hill—that black knob yonder, covered with pine and hemlock. There are some queer snake fences in the flat, and a big brook or two, but Peacock has been over every inch of it before, and you may trust in him implicitly; good bye, I'm going up the road with Jem to drive it from the upper end;" and off he went at a merry trot, with the hounds gambolling about his stirrups, and Jem Lyn running at his best pace, to keep up with him—in a few minutes they were lost behind a swell of woodland, round which the road wheeled suddenly. At the same moment Tom and his companions re-appeared from the stables, where they had been securing their four-footed friends; and, after a few seconds, spent in running ramrods down the barrels to see that all was right, inspecting primings, knapping flints, or putting on fresh copper caps, it was announced that all was ready; and passing through the farm yard, we entered, through a set of bars, a broad bright buckwheat stubble—and scarcely an hundred yards had we pro-

ceeded, before up sprang the finest bevy of the largest quail I had yet seen, and flying high and wild crossed half-a-dozen fields in the direction of the village whence we had started, and pitched at length into an alder brake beside the stream.

"Them chaps has gone the right way," Tom exclaimed, with a deep sigh, who had with wondrous difficulty refrained from firing into them, though he was loaded with buckshot—"right in the course we count to take this forenoon. Now, Squire, keep to the left *here*, take your station by the old earths there away, under the tall dead pine, and you, Bill, make tracks *there*, straight through the middle cart-way, down to the other meadow, and sit you down right where the two streams fork; there'll be an old red snooting down that side ere long, I reckon. We'll go on, Mr. Forester, here's a big rail fence now, I'll throw off the top rail, for I'll not climb any day when I can creep; there, that'll do, I reckon; leastwise if you can ride like Archer—he d—ns me always, if I so much as shakes a fence afore he jumps it; you've got the best horse, too, for lepping—now let's see: well done! well done!" he continued, with a most boisterous burst of laughter; "well done, *horse*, any how!" as Peacock, who had been chafing ever since he parted from his comrade Bob, went at the fence as though he were about to take it in his stroke, stopped short when within a yard of it, and then bucked over it, without touching a splinter, although it was at least five feet, and shaking me so much, that, greatly to Tom's joy, I showed no little glimpse of daylight. "I reckon if they *run* the meadows, you'll hardly *ride* them, Forester," he grinned, "but now away with you: you see the tall dark pin oak, it hasn't lost one leaf yet, right in the nook there of the bars you'll find a quiet shady spot, where you can see clear up the rail fence to this knob, where I'll be. Off with you, boy, and mind you now, keep as dumb as the old woman when her husband cut her tongue out, 'cause she had too much jaw."

Finishing his discourse, he squatted himself down on the stool of a large hemlock, which, being recently cut down, cumbered the woodside with its giant stem, and secured him, with its evergreen top now lowly laid and withering, from the most narrow scrutiny; while I, giving the gallant horse his head, went at a brisk hand-gallop across the firm short turf of the fair sloping hill-side, taking a moderate fence in my stroke, which Peacock cleared in a style that satisfied me Harry had by no means exaggerated his capacity to act as hunter, in lieu of the less glorious occupation to which in general he was doomed.

In half a minute more I reached my post, and though an hour passed before I heard the slightest sound betokening the chase, never did I more thoroughly enjoy an hour. The loveliness of the whole scene before me—the broad rich sweep of meadowland lying, all bathed in dew, under the pale gray light of an autumnal morning, with groups of cattle crouched still beneath the trees where they had passed the night!—the distant hills, veiled partially in mist, partially rearing their round leafy heads toward the brightening sky!—and then the various changes of the landscape, as slowly the day broke behind the eastern hill!—and all the various sounds of bird, and beast, and insect, which each succeeding variation of the morning served to call into life as if by magic! First a faint rosy flush stole up the eastern sky, and nearly at the self-same moment, two or three vagrant crows came flapping heavily along, at a height so immeasurable that their harsh voices were by distance modified into a pleasing murmur! And now a little fish jumped in the streamlet; and the splash, trifling as it was, with which he fell back on the quiet surface, half startled me,—a moment afterward an acorn plumped down on my head, and, as I looked up, there sat, on a limb not ten feet above me, an impudent rogue of a grey squirrel, half as big as a rabbit, erect upon his haunches, working away at the twin brother of the acorn he had dropped upon my hat to break my reverie, rasping it audibly with his chisel-shaped teeth, and grinning at me just as coolly as though I were a harmless scare-crow! When I grew tired of observing him, and looked toward the sky again, behold the western ridge, which is far higher than the eastern hills, had caught upon its summits the first bright rays of the yet unseen day-god; while the rosy flush of the east had brightened into a blaze of living gold, exceeded only by the glorious hues with which a few slight specks of misty cloud glowed out against the azure firmament, like coals of actual fire—again a louder splash aroused me; and, as I turned, there floated on a glassy basin, into which the ripples of a tiny fall subsided, three wood-ducks with a noble drake, that loveliest in plumage of all aquatic fowl, perfectly undisturbed and fearless, although within ten yards of their most dreaded enemy. How beautiful are all their motions!—there! one has reared herself half way out of the water—another stretches forth a delicate web foot to scratch her ear, as handily as a dog on dry land; and now the drake reflects his purple neck to preen his ruffled wing, and now—bad luck to you, Peacock, why did you snort and stamp?—they are off like a bullet, and out of sight in an instant. And now out comes the sun himself, and with him the accursed hum of a musquitoe—and hark! hush!—what was that?—was it?—by heavens, it was the deep note of a fox-hound!—aye! there comes Harry's cheer, faintly heard, swelling up the breeze. "Have at him, there! Ha-a-ve at him, good lads!" Again, again! those are the musical deep voices of the slow hounds; they have a dash in them of the old Southern breed; and now!—there goes the yell—the quick sharp yelping rally of those two high bred bitches. By heaven! they must be viewing him! how the woods ring and crash! "Together hark! Together hark! Toga-a-ather! For-ra-ard, good lads, get for-a-ard! Hya-a-araway!"

Well hollaed Harry, I would swear to that last screech, out of ten thousand, though it is near ten years since I last heard it! But heavens! how they press him! hang it! there goes a shot—the squire has fired at him, as he tried the earths! now, if he have but missed him, and Pan, the God of hunters, send it so, he has no chance but to try the open—By Jove he has! he must have missed, for Bonny Belle and Blossom are raving half a mile this side of him already. And now Tom sees him—how quietly he steals up to the fence—there! he has fired! and all our sport is up! No! no! he waves his hat and points this way—Can he have missed him? No; he has got a fox—he lifts it out by the brush, there must have been two, then, on foot together; he has done well to get that he has killed away, or they would have stopped on him! Hush! the

leaves rustle here beside me, with a quick patter—the twigs crackle—it is he! move not, for your life, Peacock! there! he has broken cover fairly, now he is half across the field, he stops to listen—ah! he will head back again. No! no! that crash, when they came upon the warm blood, has decided him—away he goes, with his brush high, and its white tag brandished in the sunshine; now I may holla him away. "Whoop! gone awa-ay! whoop!" I was answered on the instant by Harry's quick "Hark holla! get awa-y, get awa-ay! to him hark! to him hark! bark halloa!"

Most glorious Artemis, what heaven stirring music! and yet there are but poor six couple; the scent must be as hot as fire, for every hound seems to have twenty tongues, and every leaf an hundred echoes! How the boughs crash again! Lo! they are here; Bonny Belle leading, head and stern up, with a quick panting yelp. Blossom and Dangerous, and Dauntless, scarcely a length behind her, striving together, neck and neck, and, by St. Hubert, it must be a scent of twenty thousand, for here these heavy southrons are scarcely two rods behind them. But fidget not, good Peacock! fret not most excellent Pythagoras! one moment more, and I am not the boy to balk you; and here comes Harry on the gray; by George, he makes the brush-wood crackle—now for a nasty leap out of the tangled swamp; a high six barred fence of rough trees, leaning toward him, and up hill! surely he will not try it. Will he not though? see! his rein is tight yet easy! his seat, how beautiful, how firm, yet how relaxed and graceful; well done indeed! he slacks his rein one instant as the gray rises; the rugged rails are cleared, and the firm pull supports him! but Harry moved not in the saddle, no, not one hair's breath, a five foot fence to him is nothing; you shall not see the slightest variation between his attitude in that strong effort, and in the easy gallop; if Tom Draw saw him now, he could have some excuse for calling him "half horse;" and he does see him, hark to that most unearthly yell, like unto nothing, either heavenly or human! he waves his hat and hurries back as fast as he is able to the horses, well knowing that, for pedestrians at least, the morning's sport is ended.

Harry and I were now almost abreast, riding in parallel lines, down the rich valley, very nearly at the top speed of our horses; taking fence after fence in our stroke, and keeping well up with the hounds, which were running almost mute, such was the furious speed to which the blazing scent excited them. We had already passed about two thirds of the whole distance that divides the range of woods, wherein we found him, and the pretty village which we had constituted our head quarters, a distance of at least three miles—and now a very difficult and awkward obstacle presented itself to our further progress, in the shape of a wide yawning brook between sheer banks of several feet in height, broken, with rough and pointed stones, the whole being at least five yards across—the gallant hounds dashed over it; and, when we reached it, were half way across the grass field next beyond it.

"Hold him hard, Frank," Harry shouted, "hold him hard, man, and cram him at it!"

And so I did, though I had little hope of clearing it. I lifted him a little on the snaffle, gave him the spur just as I reached the brink, and with a long and swinging leap, so easy that its motion was in truth scarce perceptible, he swept across it; before I had the time to think, we were again going at our best pace almost among the hounds. Over myself, I cast a quick glance back toward Harry, who by a short turn of the chase had been thrown a few yards behind me. He charged it gallantly—but on the very verge, cowed by the brightness of the rippling water, the gray made a half stop, but leaped immediately, beneath the application of the galling spur; he made a noble effort, but it was scarce a thing to be effected by a standing leap, and it was with far less pleasure than surprise, that I saw him drop his hind legs down the steep bank, having just landed with his fore feet in the meadow. I was afraid, indeed, he must have had an ugly fall, but, picked up quickly by the delicate and steady finger of his rider, the good horse found some slight projection of the bank, whereby to make a second spring; after a heavy flounder, however, which must have dismounted any less perfect horseman, he recovered himself well, and before many minutes was again abreast of me!

Thus far the course of the hunted fox had lain directly homeward, down the valley; but now the turnpike-road making a sudden turn crossed his line at right angles, while another narrower road coming in at a tangent, went off to the southwestward in the direction of the bold projection, which I had learned to recognize as Rocky hill—over the high fence into the road; well performed gallant horses! and now they check for a moment, puzzling about on the dry sandy turnpike. "Dangerous feathers on it now! speak to it, speak to it, good hound!" How beautiful that flourish of the stern with which he darts away on the recovered scent; with what a yell they open it once again! Harry was right, he makes for Rocky hill, but up this plaguy lane, where the scent lies but faintly. Now! now! the road turns off again far westward of his point; he may, by Jove, and he has left it!

"Have at him, then, lads, he is ours!" and lo! the pace increases. Ha! what a sudden turn, and in the middle too of a clear pasture.

"Has he been headed, Harry?"

"No! no! his strength is failing," and see he makes his point again toward the hill; it is within a quarter of a mile, and if he gain it we can do nothing with him, for it is full of earths; but he will never reach it, three times he had doubled, now almost as short as a hare, and they, running breast high, have turned with him each time, not over-running it a yard. See how the sheep have drawn together into phalanx yonder, in that bare pasture to the eastward, he has crossed that field for a thousand—yes! I am right, see! they turn once again, what a delicious rally, an outspread towel would cover those four leading hounds, now Dauntless has it, has it by half a neck, "he always goes up, when a fox is sinking," Harry exclaimed, pointing towards him with his hunting whip; aye! he has given up his point entirely, he knew he could not face the hill; look! look at those carrion crows, how low they stoop over that woody band, that is his line! here is the road again—cover it once more merrily! and now I view him; "whoop! Forra-ard, lads, forra-ard!" he cannot hold five minutes, and see, there comes fat Tom pounding that mare along the road,

as if her fore feet were of hammered iron; he has come up along the turnpike, at an infernal pace, while that turn favoured him, but he will only see us kill him, and that too at a respectful distance; another brook stretches across our course, hurrying to join the greater stream along the banks of which we have so long been speeding; but this is but a little one—there we have cleared it cleverly—now! now! the hounds are viewing him—poor brute! his day is come, see how he twists and doubles, ah, now they have him, no! that short turn has saved him, and he gains the fence, he will lie down there, no! he stretches gallantly across the next field—game to the last, poor devil! There, “Who—whoop! Dead! dead! who—whoop!” and in another instant Harry had snatched him from the hounds, and holding him aloft displayed him to the rest, who had come up along the road.

“A pretty burst,” he said to me, “a pretty burst, Frank, and a good kill, but they can’t stand before the hounds, the foxes here, like our stout islanders—they are not forced to work so hard to gain their living—but now let us get homeward, I want my breakfast, I can tell you, and then a rattle at the quail—I mean to get full forty brace to-day, I promise you!”

“And we,” said I, “have marked down fifteen brace already toward it! right in the line of our beat, Tom says.”

“That’s right, well! let’s go on,” and in a short half hour, we were all once again assembled about Tom’s hospitable board, and making such a breakfast, on every sort of eatable that can be crowded on a breakfast table, as sportsmen only have a right to make, nor they, unless they have walked twenty, or galloped half as many miles, before it. Before we had been in an hour, Harry once again roused us out; all had been, during our absence, fully prepared by the indefatigable Tim: who, as the day before, accoutred with spare shot and lots of provender, seemed to grudge us each morsel we ate, so eager was he to see us take the field in season. Off we went then—but what boots it to repeat a thrice told tale, suffice it, that the dogs worked as well as dogs can work, that birds were plentiful, and living good, that we fagged hard, and shot on the whole passably, so that by sun-set we had exceeded Harry’s forty brace by fifteen birds, and got beside nine couple and a half of woodcock, which we found, most unexpectedly, basking themselves in the open meadow, along the grassy banks of a small rill, without a bush or tree within five hundred yards of them.

Evening had closed in, when we reached the well known tavern-stand, and the merry blaze of the fire, and many candles, showed us while yet far distant, that due preparations were in course for our entertainment.

“What have we here!” cried Harry, as we reached the door, “Race horses! Why, Tom, by heavens we’ve got the flying dutchman here again—now for a night of it!” and so in truth it was, a most wet, and right jovial one, seasoned with no small wit—but of that more anon.

OLD HUMBUG.

A CHAPTER FROM THE NEW ROMANCE, HYPERION.

What most interested our travellers in the ancient city of Frankfurt, was neither the opera nor the Ariadne of Dannecker, but the house in which Goethe was born, and the scenes he frequented in his childhood, and remembered in his old age. Such for example are the walks around the city, outside the moat; the bridge over the Maine, with the golden cock on the cross, which the poet beheld and marvelled at when a boy; the cloister of the Barefooted Friars, through which he stole with mysterious awe to sit by the oilcloth-covered table of old Rector Albrecht; and the garden in which his grandfather walked up and down among fruit-trees and rose-bushes, in long morning gown, black velvet cap, and the antique leather gloves, which he annually received as Mayor on Pipers-Doomsday, representing a kind of middle personage between Alcinous and Laertes. Thus, O Genius! are thy foot-prints hallowed; and the star shines forever over the place of thy nativity!

“Your English critics may rail as they list,” said the Baron, while he and Flemming were returning from a stroll in the leafy gardens, outside the moat; “but, after all, Goethe was a magnificent old fellow. Only think of his life; his youth of passion, alternately aspiring and desponding, stormy, impetuous, headlong;—his romantic manhood, in which passion assumes the form of strength; assiduous, careful, toiling, without haste, without rest; and his sublime old age,—the age of serene and classic repose, where he stands like Atlas, as Claudian has painted him in the Battle of the Giants, holding the world aloft upon his head, the ocean-streams hard frozen in his hoary locks.”

“A good illustration of what the world calls his indifferentism.”

“And do you know I rather like this indifferentism? Did you ever have the misfortune to live in a community, where a difficulty in the parish seemed to announce the end of the world? or to know one of the benefactors of the human race, in the very ‘storm and pressure period’ of his indiscreet enthusiasm? If you have, I think you will see something beautiful in the calm and dignified attitude which the old philosopher assumes.”

“It is a pity that his admirers had not a little of this philosophic coolness. It amuses me to read the various epithets, which they apply to him; The Dear, dear Man! The Life-enjoying Man! The All-sided One! The Representative of Poetry upon earth! The Many-sided Master-Mind of Germany! His enemies rush into the other extreme, and hurl at him the fierce names of Old Humbug! and Old Heathen! which hit like pistol-bullets.”

“I confess, he was no saint.”

“No; his philosophy is the old ethic philosophy. You will find it all in a convenient and concentrated, portable form in Horace’s beautiful Ode to Thaliarchus. What I most object to in the old gentleman is his sensuality.”

“O nonsense. Nothing can be purer than the Iphigenia; it is as cold and passionless as a marble statue.”

“Very true; but you cannot say the same of some of the Roman Elegies and of that monstrous book the Elective Affinities.”

“Ah, my friend, Goethe is an artist; and looks upon all things as ob-

jects of art merely. Why should he not be allowed to copy in words what painters and sculptors copy in colours and in marble?”

“The artist shows his character in the choice of his object. Goethe never sculptured an Apollo, nor painted a Madonna. He gives us only sinful Magdalens and rampant Fauns. He does not so much idealize as realize.”

“He only copies nature.”

“So did the artists who made the bronze lamps of Pompeii. Would you hang one of those in your hall? To say that a man is an artist and copies nature is not enough. There are two great schools of art; the imitative and the imaginative. The latter is the most noble, and most enduring; and Goethe belonged rather to the former. Have you read Menzel’s attack upon him?”

“It is truly ferocious. The Suabian hews into him lustily. I hope you do not side with him.”

“By no means. He goes too far. He blames the poet for not being a politician. He might as well blame him for not being a missionary to the Sandwich Islands.”

“And what do you think of Eckermann?”

“I think he is a toady; a kind of German Boswell. Goethe knew he was drawing his portrait, and attitudinized accordingly. He works very hard to make a Saint Peter out of an old Jupiter, as the Catholics did at Rome.”

“Well; call him Old Humbug, or Old Heathen, or what you please; I maintain, that, with all his errors and short-comings, he was a glorious specimen of a man.”

“He certainly was. Did it ever occur to you that he was in some points like Ben Franklin? a kind of rhymed Ben Franklin? The practical tendency of his mind was the same; his love of science was the same; his benignant, philosophic spirit was the same; and a vast number of his little poetic maxims and sooth-sayings seem nothing more than the worldly wisdom of Poor Richard, versified.”

“What most offends me is, that now every German jackass must have a kick at the dead lion.”

“And every one who passes through Weimar must throw a book upon his grave, as travellers did of old a stone upon the grave of Manfredi, at Benevento. But, of all that has been said or sung, what most pleases me is Heine’s Apogetic, if I may so call it; in which he says, that the minor poets, who flourish under the imperial reign of Goethe ‘resemble a young forest, where the trees first show their own magnitude after the oak of a hundred years, whose branches had towered above and overshadowed them, has fallen. There was not wanting an opposition, that strove against Goethe, this majestic tree. Men of the most warring opinions united themselves for the contest. The adherents of the old faith, the orthodox, were vexed, that, in the trunk of the vast tree, no niche with its holy image was to be found; nay, that even the naked Dryads of paganism were permitted to play their witchery there; and gladly, with consecrated axe, would they have imitated the holy Boniface, and levelled the enchanted oak to the ground. The followers of the new faith, the apostles of liberalism, were vexed on the other hand, that the tree could not serve as the Tree of Liberty, or, at any rate, as a barricade. In fact the tree was too high; no one could plant the red cap upon its summit, or dance the Carmagnole beneath its branches. The multitude, however, venerated this tree for the very reason, that it reared itself with such independent grandeur, and so graciously filled the world with its odor, while its branches, streaming magnificently toward heaven, made it appear, as if the stars were only the golden fruit of its wondrous limbs.’ Don’t you think that beautiful?”

“Yes, very beautiful. And I am glad to see, that you can find something to admire in my favourite author, notwithstanding his frailties; or, to use an old German saying, that you can drive the hens out of the garden without trampling down the beds.”

“Here is the old gentleman himself!” exclaimed Flemming.

“Where?” cried the Baron, as if for the moment he expected to see the living figure of the poet walking before them.

“Here at the window,—that full-length cast. Excellent, is it not! He is dressed, as usual, in his long yellow nankeen surtout, with a white cravat crossed in front. What a magnificent head! and what a posture! He stands like a tower of strength. And, by Heavens! he was nearly eighty years old, when that was made.”

“How do you know?”

“You can see by the date on the pedestal.”

“You are right. And yet how erect he stands, with his square shoulders braced back, and his hands behind him. He looks as if he were standing before the fire. I feel tempted to put a live coal into his hand, it lies so invitingly half-open. Gleim’s description of him, soon after he went to Weimar, is very different, from this. Do you recollect it?”

“No, I do not.”

“It is a story, which good old father Gleim used to tell with great delight. He was one evening reading the Göttingen Musen-Almanach in a select society at Weimar, when a young man came in, dressed in a short, green shooting-jacket, booted and spurred, and having a pair of brilliant, black, Italian eyes. He in turn offered to read; but finding probably the poetry of the Musen-Almanach of that year rather too insipid for him, he soon began to improvise the wildest and most fantastic poems imaginable, and in all possible forms and measures, all the while pretending to read from the book. ‘That is either Goethe or the Devil,’ said good old father Gleim to Wieland, who sat near him. To which the ‘Great I of Osmannstadt’ replied; ‘It is both, for he has the Devil in him to-night; and at such times he is like a wanton colt, that flings out before and behind, and you will do well not to get near him!’”

“Very good!”

“And now that noble figure is but mould. Only a few months ago, those majestic eyes looked for the last time on the light of a pleasant spring morning. Calm, like a god, the old man sat; and with a smile seemed to bid farewell to the light of day, on which he had gazed for more than eighty years. Books were near him, and the pen which had just drop-

ped, as it were, from his dying fingers. "Open the shutters, and let in more light!" were the last words that came from those lips. Slowly stretching forth his hand, he seemed to write in the air; and, as it sank down again and was motionless, the spirit of the old man departed."

"And yet the world goes on. It is strange how soon, when a great man dies, his place is filled; and so completely, that he seems no longer wanted. But let us step in here. I wish to buy that cast; and send it home to a friend."

AN IRISH RECTOR'S "HARDEST NIGHT."

In his note upon "Barney of Macroom," Crofton Croker remarks, "it is difficult to form a correct estimate of the quantity of whiskey punch which may be comfortably discussed at a sitting." We sincerely trust it is. At least, we should be sorry to sit down twice with the man that kept a score of it. Put a fire under the pump, said old Giles Jackson, and be perpetually bringing up hot water. We never heard of any other gauge attempted than this one. To think of an allusion to a temperance society in a work called the "Popular Songs of Ireland!" It is fortunate for our old friend T—, the rector of Carrickmacross, that the Lord sent for him before he read this. He never would have held his head up after. Poor T—, his testimony in regard to strong drink would not have supported Crofton's. I must tell ye a story about him. When the Duke of Richmond—the only lord lieutenant, after all, we ever really had—was making one of his little excursions in Ireland, he chanced to spend some days with Lord Blayney. Now, though the lord himself was a very respectable pull at the decanter, he was nothing at all compared with the duke. "What will become of me?" says Lord Blayney—"there is no one here fit to drink with his grace, and I'll be ruined if he goes to bed dry. Major Hitchcock is laid up in the barracks, with leeches on his head, and T—n, they tell me, is at the visitation."

The more he thought of it, the more puzzled he was; till at last he determined to send an express for the rector to Armagh, where they caught him just going to dine with the primate, for he preached the visitation sermon that morning.

His reverence knew what was meant, and, making an excuse to the archbishop, set off with all speed to Castle-blaney. He just got in when they had finished dinner; but little he cared for that; there was plenty of port, and some very crusty old hermitage, and he soon consoled himself. Well, a pleasant evening never was heard tell of than they passed. T— told some of his best stories, and the duke laughed so heartily that he nearly cried, and at one time he fell down, and they were all frightened, thinking it was apoplexy, for he was nearly blue in the face; but it was only laughing; and small blame to him to laugh, for Billy T— was sitting upon the hearth rug, singing Lazarus and Dives in such a way as would half kill the chapter and all the prebends if they heard him.

Well, at a little after two o'clock they were all under the table, except his grace and the rector.

"Now, Mr. T—," said the duke, "you know the ways of the house. Could we have a little of something warm?"

"By all manner of means," said the other, ringing a private bell in the corner of the room, which was always a sign for spirits and hot water—"and I was only waiting for your grace to say the word, for I'm growing a little husky. Port is a mighty dry wine."

The materials came in, and at a little past four his grace gave in, and lay down on the carpet, and T— went home across the fields, looking as fresh as a rose, and with a great appetite for breakfast.

Well, this went on for three evenings, and the duke at last, who never was beat before, could not help feeling surprised at the rosy color and pleasant looks of the rector, when every body else about him was suffering from the late hours and hard drinking.

"T—, you're a wonderful man," says his grace. "Upon my conscience you ought to be a bishop."

"Ah, I don't know, your grace," said T—, timidly.

"But you ought though. Do you know, you're the only man that ever drank me down. And ye have a beautiful voice. We must see about ye. But mind, you must not go on this way: no health, no constitution could stand it."

"Mine is getting very used to it by this time, my lord."

"But are you never the worse for any thing you take?"

"Never, my lord."

"Think, now, for a moment—never is a strong word, and you must have had some stiff bouts of it in your time. Pray, now, which do you reckon the hardest night you ever had?"

"Let me see. Well, then, the severest drink I ever took was with his lordship's mother there, rest her soul, for she's in glory."

"With my mother," said Lord Blayney, starting up. "Why, T—, what are you at now? Do you know what you're saying?"

"Perfectly well, my lord, and I repeat it, that was the hardest night I ever got through."

"By Jove, this is good," said the duke. "Now, T—, give us the account of that same evening, for I'm rather curious about it."

"Willingly, my lord, and briefly, too. I was dining here one day after a very hard day's hunt—we were just in our fifth bottle of claret, getting comfortable and warm, after the fatigue of the day, when a servant came to say that some one wanted me at the door."

"Send him off, then," said my lord, "this is no time—"

"But it may be parish business," said I.

"The more reason, you can't do any thing now."

"I'll wager ten pounds it's some news of Cathogue," (one of the best bounds in the pack, that strayed from us in the morning,) said Nicholson.

"Maybe you're right," said I, jumping up at once, and running out of the room into the hall, where I was prettily annoyed to see my old sexton with a cock-and-a-bull story of a funeral. I was so vexed at the time, that as I turned to go back, I mistook my way, and instead of reaching the dining-room, found myself, after some serpentineing, in Lady Blayney's boudoir, as she used to call it. There she was, all alone, drinking tea at a little table, as comfortable as might be.

"Oh, how kind of you, Mr. T—," said she, as I came in; 'you've left the dining-room early. May I offer you a cup of tea?"

"I never, somehow or other, could refuse any thing like drink. If it was an apothecary, I believe, himself, who asked me, I'd pledge him in senna mixture—out of habit, I suppose. So I said with the greatest pleasure, and down I sat; and sure enough, we both set at it in right earnest. I never drank fairer in my life; filling up and clearing off, just as if I was in the dinner-room. Sixteen cups of tea my lady finished that evening; and when I saw that she was hard aground, I called for the seventeenth, and took it off in a bumper. But, will you believe it, that night's hard drink I never recovered for three months; but then I have a safe conscience about it, for I always drank fair."

PORTRAITS BY LORD BROUGHAM.

CHARLES CARROL.

"We do a thing of very pernicious tendency if we confine the records of history to the most eminent personages who bear a part in the events which it commemorates. There are often others whose sacrifices are much greater, whose perils are more extreme, and whose services are nearly as valuable as those of the more prominent actors, and who yet have, from chance or by the modesty of a retiring and unpretending nature, never stood forward to fill the foremost places, or occupy the larger spaces in the eye of the world. To forget such men is as inexpedient for the public service as it is unjust towards the individuals. But the error is far greater of those who, in recording the annals of revolution, confine their ideas of public merit to the feats of leaders against established tyranny, or the triumphs of orators in behalf of freedom. Many a man in the ranks has done more by his zeal and his self-devotion than any chief to break the chains of a nation, and among such men Charles Carroll, the last survivor of the patriarchs of the American revolution, is entitled to the first place.

His family was settled in Maryland ever since the reign of James II., and had during that period been possessed of the same ample property, the largest in the Union. It stood, therefore, at the head of the aristocracy of the country; was naturally in alliance with the government; could gain nothing while it risked everything by a change of dynasty; and therefore, according to all the rules and the prejudices and the frailties which are commonly found guiding the conduct of men in a crisis of affairs, Charles Carroll might have been expected to take part against the revolt, certainly never to join in promoting it. Such, however, was not this patriotic person. He was among the foremost to sign the celebrated Declaration of Independence. All who did so were believed to have devoted themselves and their families to the furies. As he set his hand to the instrument, the whisper ran round the hall of congress, "There go some millions of property!" And there being many of the same name, when he heard it said, "Nobody will know what Carroll is," as no one signed more than his name, "You'll get clear—there are several of the name—they will never know which to take."

"Not so!" he replied, and instantly added his residence, "of Carrollton."

He was not only a man of firm mind, and steadily fixed principles; he was also a person of great accomplishments and excellent abilities. Educated in the study of the civil law at one of the French colleges, he had resided long enough in Europe to perfect his learning in all the ordinary branches of knowledge. On his return to America, he sided with the people against the mother country, and was soon known and esteemed as among the ablest writers of the Independent party. The confidence reposed in him soon after was so great, that he was joined with Franklin in the commission of three sent to obtain the concurrence of the Canadians in the revolt. He was a member of Congress for the first two trying years, when that body was only fourteen in number, and might rather be deemed a cabinet council for action than anything like a deliberative senate. He then belonged, during the rest of the war, to the legislature of his native state, Maryland, until 1788, when he was elected one of the United States senate, and continued for three years to act in this capacity. The rest of his time, until he retired from public life in 1804, was passed as a senator of Maryland. In all these capacities he has left behind him a high reputation for integrity, eloquence, and judgment.

It is usual with Americans to compare the last thirty years of his life to the Indian summer—sweet as it is tranquil, and partaking neither of the fierce heats of the earlier, nor the chilling frosts of a later season. His days were both crowned with happiness, and lengthened far beyond the usual period of human existence. He lived to see the people whom he had once known 900,000 in number pass twelve millions; a handful of dependent colonists become a nation of freemen; a dependent settlement assume its place among the first-rate powers of the world; and he had the delight of feeling that to this consummation he had contributed his ample share. As no one had run so large a risk by joining the revolt, so no one had adhered to the standard of freedom more firmly, in all its fortunes, whether waving in triumph or over disaster and defeat. He never had despaired of the commonwealth, nor ever had lent his ear to factious councils; never had shrunk from any sacrifice, nor ever had pressed himself forward to the exclusion of men better fitted to serve the common cause. Thus it happened to him that no man was more universally respected and beloved: none had fewer enemies; and, notwithstanding the ample share in which the gifts of fortune were showered upon his house, no one grudged its prosperity.

It would, however, be a very erroneous view of his merits and of the place which he filled in the eye of his country, which should represent him as only respected for his patriotism and his virtues. He had talents and acquirements which enabled him effectually to help the cause he espoused. His knowledge was various; and his eloquence was of a high order. It was, like his character, mild and pleasing; like his deportment, correct and faultless, flowing smoothly, and executing far more than it seemed to

* What we call the Michaelmas summer; the "short summer" of the South of Europe.

aim at, every one was charmed by it, and many were persuaded. His taste was peculiarly chaste, for he was a scholar of extraordinary accomplishments; and few, if any, of the speakers in the New World came nearer the model of the more refined oratory practised in the parent state. Nature and ease, want of effort, gentleness united with sufficient strength, are noted as its enviable characteristics; and as it thus approached the tone of conversation, so, long after he ceased to appear in public, his private society is represented as displaying much of his rhetorical powers, and has been compared, not unhappily, by a late writer, to the words of Nestor, which fell like vernal snows as he spake to the people. In common motions, whether of the senate or the multitude, such a speaker, by his calmness and firmness joined, might well hope to have the weight, and to exert the control and mediatory authority of him, *pietate gravis et meritis*, who

—regit dictis animos et pectora mulcet.

In 1825, on the anniversary of the half century after the Declaration of Independence was signed, the day was kept over the whole Union as a grand festival, and observed with extraordinary solemnity. As the clock struck the hour when that mighty instrument had been signed, another bell was heard to toll; it was the passing bell of John Adams, one of the two surviving presidents who had signed the declaration. The other was Jefferson; and it was soon after learned that at this same hour he too had expired in a remote quarter of the country.

There now remained only Carroll to survive his fellows; and he had already reached extreme old age; but he lived yet seven years longer, and, in 1832, at the age of 95, the venerable patriarch was gathered to his fathers.*

The Congress went into mourning on his account for three months, as they had done for Washington, and for him alone.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

Among the eminent men who figured in the eventful history of the French revolution, there has been more than one occasion for mentioning M. Talleyrand; and whether in that scene, or in any portion of modern annals, we shall in vain look for one who presents a more interesting subject of history. His whole story was marked with strange peculiarities, from the period of infancy to the latest scenes of a life protracted to extreme, but vigorous and undecayed, old age. Born to represent one of the most noble families in France, an accident struck him with incurable lameness; and the cruel habits of their pampered caste made his family add to this affliction the deprivation of his rank as eldest son. He was thus set aside for a brother whose faculties were far more crippled by nature than his own bodily frame had been by mischance; and was condemned to the ecclesiastical state, by way of at once providing for him and getting rid of him. A powerful house, however, could not find in Old France much difficulty in securing promotion in the church for one of its members, be his disposition towards its duties ever so reluctant, or his capacity for performing them ever so slender. The young Perigord was soon raised over the heads of numberless pious men and profound theologians, and became Bishop of Autun at an age when he had probably had little time for reflection upon his clerical functions, amidst the dissipations of the French capital, into which neither his personal misfortune, nor the domestic deposition occasioned by it, had prevented him from plunging with all the zeal of his strenuous and indomitable nature. His abilities were of the highest order; and the brilliancy with which they shone out was well calculated to secure him signal success in Parisian society, where his rank would alone have gained him a high place, but where talents also, even in the humblest station, never failed to rise in the face of the aristocratic "genius of the place," and the habits of a nation of courtiers.

The great event of modern times now converted all Frenchmen into politicians—gave to state affairs the undisturbed monopoly of interest which the pleasures of society had before enjoyed—and armed political talents with the influence which the higher accomplishments of refined taste and elegant manners had hitherto possessed undivided and almost uncontrolled. M. Talleyrand did not long hesitate in choosing his part. He sided with the revolution party, and continued to act with them; joining those patriotic members of the clerical body who gave up their revenues to the demands of the country, and sacrificed their exclusive privileges to the rights of the community. But when the violence of the republican leaders, disdaining all bounds of prudence, or of justice, or of humanity, threatened to involve the whole country in anarchy and blood, he quitted the scene; and retired first to the country, where he passed a year or two, and then to America, where he remained until the more regular government of the executive directory tempered the violence of the revolution, and restored order to the State. Since that period he always filled the highest stations either at home or in the diplomatic service, except during a part of the restoration government, when the incurable folly of those princes who, as he said himself, had come back from their long exile without having either learned or forgotten anything, deemed it prudent to lay upon the shelf the ablest and most experienced man in the country, that their councils might have the benefit of being swayed by the Polignacs and other imbecile creatures of their legitimate court.†

But it is from this constant employment of M. Talleyrand that the principal charge against the integrity of his political character has been drawn. The chief minister and councillor of the Directory, he became suddenly the chief adviser of the Consular Government. When Napoleon took the whole power to himself, he continued his minister. When the independence of Switzerland was rudely invaded, he still presided over the department of Foreign Affairs. When the child and champion of Jacobinism

had laid his parent prostrate in the dust, clothed himself with the Imperial purple, maltreated the Pope, and planted the iron crown of Italy on his brow, the republican ex-bishop remained in his service. When he who afterwards so eloquently avowed, that, "General, Consul, Emperor, he owed all to the people," studied to discharge that debt by trampling on every popular right, the advocate of freedom was still to be seen by his side, and holding the pen through which all the rescripts of despotic power flowed. When the adopted Frenchman, who, with the dying accents of the same powerful and racy eloquence, desired that "his ashes might repose near the stream of the Seine, in the bosom of the people whom he had so much loved," was testifying the warmth of his affection by such tokens as the merciless conscription, and breathing out his tenderness in proclamations of war that wrapped all France and all Europe in flame—the philosophic statesman—the friend of human improvement—the philanthropist who had speculated upon the nature of man, and the structure of government in both worlds, and had quitted his original profession because its claims were inimical to the progress of society—continued inseparably attached to the person of the military ruler, the warrior tyrant; and, although he constantly tendered sounder advice than ever was followed, never scrupled to be the executor of ordinances which he still most disapproved.

The term of boundless, unreflecting, and miscalculating ambition was hastened by its excesses; Napoleon was defeated; foreign powers occupied France; and the Emperor's minister joined them to restore the Bourbons. With them he acted for some time, nor quitted them until they disclosed the self-destructive bent of their feeble and unprincipled minds—to rule by tools incapable of any acts but those of sycophancy and prostration, and animated by no spirit but that of blind and furious bigotry. The overthrow of the dynasty once more brought M. Talleyrand upon the scene; and he has ever since been the most trusted, as the most valuable and skilful, of all the new government's advisers; nor have the wisdom and the firmness of any counsels, except, indeed, those of the monarch himself, contributed so signally to the successful administration of that great Prince, in the unparalleled difficulties of his truly arduous position.

That these well-known passages in M. Talleyrand's life indicate a disposition to be on the successful side, without any very nice regard to its real merits, can hardly be denied; and when facts, so pregnant with evidence, are before the reader, he has not merely materials for judging of the character to which they relate, but may almost be said to have had its lineaments presented to his view, without the aid of the historian's pencil to portray them. But the just discrimination of the historian is still wanting to complete the picture; both by filling up the outline, and by correcting it when hastily drawn from imperfect materials. Other passages of the life may be brought forward: explanations may be given of doubtful actions; apparent inconsistencies may be reconciled; and charges, which at first sight seemed correctly gathered from the facts, may be aggravated, extenuated, or repelled, by a more enlarged and a more judicial view of the whole subject. That the inferences fairly deduced from M. Talleyrand's public life can be wholly controverted by any minuteness of examination, or explained away by any ingenuity of comment, it would be absurd to assert: yet it is only doing justice to comprise in our estimate of his merits some things not usually taken into the account by those who censure his conduct, and who pronounce him—merely upon the view of his having borne part in such opposite systems of policy, and acting with such various combinations of party—to have been a person singularly void of public principle, and whose individual interest was always his god.

His conduct towards the caste he belonged to has been remarked upon with severity. But to that caste he owed only cruel and heartless oppression, and all for an accident that befel him in the cradle. He was not only disinherited, but he literally never was allowed to sleep under his father's roof. His demeanor, in respect to sacred matters, unbecoming his profession as a priest, has called down censures of a far graver description. But he was made by force to enter a profession which he abhorred; and upon those who forced him, not upon himself, falls the blame of his conduct having been unsuited to the cloth which they compelled him to wear. It, moreover, is true, but it has been always forgotten in the attacks upon his ecclesiastical character, that he gallantly undertook the defence of his sacred order, at a time when such devotion to a most unpopular body exposed him to destruction; and that he went into exile, leaving his fortune behind, and subsisting, when abroad, upon the sale of his books, rather than be contaminated by any share whatever in the enormities of the first Revolution, is a circumstance equally true and equally kept in the shade by his traducer. When the dissipations of his early years are chronicled, no allusion is ever made to the severity of his studies at the Sorbonne, where he was only known as a young man of haughty demeanor and silent habits, who lived buried among his books.

Unable to deny his wit, and overcome by the charms of his conversation, envious men have refused him even solid capacity, and the merit of having rendered more important services to society. But they have only been able to make this denial by forgetting the profound discourse upon Lotteries which laid the foundation of his fame; and the works upon Public Education, upon Weights and Measures, and upon Colonial Policy, which raised the superstructure. No mitigation of the judgment pronounced on his accommodating, or what has perhaps justly been called his time-serving propensities, has ever been effected by viewing the courage which he showed in opposing Napoleon's Spanish war; the still more dangerous energy with which he defended the clerical body in his diocese at a time full of every kind of peril to political integrity; and his exclusion from power by the restored dynasty, whose return to the French throne was mainly the work of his hands, but whose service he quitted rather than concur in a policy humiliating to his country. Nor has any account been taken of the difficult state of affairs, and the imminent risk of hopeless anarchy on the one hand, or complete conquest on the other, to which France was exposed by the fortune of war, and the hazards of revolution;—an alternative presented to him in more than one of those most critical emergencies in which he was called to decide for his country as well as himself. Yet all these circumstances must be weighed together with the mere facts of his successive adhesion to so many governments, if we would

* His family yet flourishes in America, and three of his grand-daughters are allied by marriage to three noble families in England, among them one is now Marchioness Wellesley, the amiable and accomplished consort of that great statesman, whose outset in life was marked by a cordial support of American Independence.

† His resignation in 1815—16 was owing to the praiseworthy cause already stated; but the legitimate Bourbons never sought to draw him afterwards from his retirement.

avoid doing his memory the grossest injustice, and escape the most manifest error in that fair estimate of his political virtue which it should be our object to form.

But if the integrity of this famous personage be the subject of unavoidable controversy, and if our opinion regarding it must of necessity be clouded with some doubt, and at best be difficult satisfactorily to fix—upon the talents with which he was gifted, and his successful cultivation of them, there can be no question at all; and our view of them is unclouded and clear. His capacity was most vigorous and enlarged. Few men have ever been endowed with a stronger natural understanding; or have given it a more diligent culture, with a view to the pursuits in which he was to employ it. His singular acuteness could at once penetrate every subject; his clearness of perception at a glance unravelled all complications, and presented each matter distinct and unencumbered; his sound, plain, manly sense, at a blow got rid of all the husk, and pierced immediately to the kernel. A cloud of words was wholly thrown away upon him; he cared nothing for all the declamation in the world; ingenious topics, fine comparisons, cases in point, epigrammatic sentences, all passed innocuous over his head. So the storms of passion blew unheeded past one whose temper nothing could ruffle, and whose path towards his object nothing could obstruct. It was a lesson and a study, as well as a marvel, to see him disconcert, with a look of his keen eye, or a motion of his chin, a whole piece of wordy talk, and far-fetched and fine-spun argument, without condescending to utter, in the deep tones of his most powerful voice, so much as a word or an interjection;—far less to overthrow the flimsy structure with an irresistible remark, or consume it with a withering sarcasm. Whoever conversed with him, or saw him in conversation, at once learned both how dangerous a thing it was to indulge before him in loose prosing, or in false reasoning, or in frothy declamation; and how fatal an error he would commit who should take the veteran statesman's good-natured smile for an innocent insensibility to the ludicrous, and his apparently passive want of all effort for permanent indolence of mind. There are many living examples of persons not meanly gifted who, in the calm of his placid society, have been wrecked upon such shoals as these.

But his political sagacity was above all his other great qualities; and it was derived from the natural perspicacity to which we have adverted, and that consummate knowledge of mankind—that swift and sure tact of character—into which his long and varied experience had matured the faculties of his manly, yet subtle understanding. If never to be deluded by foolish measures, nor ever to be deceived by cunning men, be among the highest perfections of the practical statesman, where shall we look for any one who preferred stronger claims to this character? But his statesmanship was of no vulgar cast. He despised the silly, the easy, and false old maxims which inculcate universal distrust, whether of unknown men or of novel measures, as much as he did the folly of those whose facility is an advertisement for impostors or for enthusiasts to make dupes of them. His was the skill which knew as well where to give his confidence as to withhold it; and he knew full surely that the whole difficulty of the political art consists in being able to say whether any given person or scheme belongs to the right class or to the wrong. It would be very untrue to affirm that he never wilfully deceived others; but it would probably be still more erroneous to admit that he ever in his life was deceived. So he held in utter scorn the affected wisdom of those who think they prove themselves sound practical men by holding cheap every proposal to which the world has been little or not at all accustomed, and which relies for its support on principles rarely resorted to. His own plan for maintaining the peace and independence of Belgium may be cited as an example of a policy at once refined and profound. He would have had it made the resort of the fine arts and of letters, with only force enough to preserve its domestic peace, and trusting for its protection to the general abhorrence which all Europe must have, in these times, of any proceeding hostile to such a power.

Although M. Talleyrand never cultivated the art of oratory, yet his brilliant wit, enlivening a constant vein of deep sense and original observation, and his extraordinary mastery over all the resources of the language in which he expressed himself, gave to the efforts of his pen, as well as to his conversation, a relish, a charm, and a grace, that few indeed have ever attained, and certainly none have surpassed. His thorough familiarity with the best writers of his own country was manifest in all his compositions, as well as in his talk; which, however, was too completely modulated to the tone of the most refined society, ever to wear the least appearance of pedantry. To cite examples of the felicitous turns of his expression in writing, would be to take almost any passage at random of the few works which he has left. But the following description of the American planter may suffice to show how he could paint moral as well as natural scenery. The writers of a less severe school might envy its poetical effect, and might perhaps learn how possible it is to be pointed and epigrammatic without being affected, and sentimental without being mawkish.

“Le bucheron Americain ne s'interesse à rien; toute idée sensible est loin de lui; ces branches si élégamment jetées par la nature, un beau feuillage, une couleur vive qui anime une partie du bois, un verd plus fort qui en assombroit une autre, tout cela n'est rien: il n'a de souvenir à placer nulle part: c'est la quantité de coups de hache qu'il faut qu'il donne pour abattre un arbre, qui est son unique idée. Il n'a point planté; il n'en sait point les plaisirs. L'arbre qu'il planteroit n'est bon à rien pour lui; car jamais il ne le verra assez fort pour qu'il puisse l'abattre: c'est de détruire qui le fait vivre: on détruit par-tout: aussi tout lieu lui est bon; il ne tient pas au champ où il a placé son travail, parce que son travail, n'est que de la fatigue, et qu'aucune idée douce n'y est jointe. Ce qui sort de ses mains ne passe point par toutes les croissances si attachantes pour le cultivateur; il ne suit pas la destinée de ses productions; il ne connoît pas le plaisir des nouveaux essais; et si en s'en allant il n'oublie pas sa hache, il ne laisse pas de regrets là où il a vécu des années.”

Of his truly inimitable conversation, and the mixture of strong masculine sense, and exquisitely witty turns in which it abounded—independently of the interest and solid value which it derived from a rich fund of anecdote, delivered in the smallest number possible of the most happy and most appropriate words possible—it would indeed be difficult to con-

vey an adequate idea. His own powers of picturesque, and wonderfully condensed expression would be hardly sufficient to present a portrait of its various and striking beauties. Simple and natural, yet abounding in the most sudden and unexpected turns—full of point, yet evidently the inspiration of the moment, and therefore more absolutely to the purpose than if it had been the laboured effort of a day's reflection, a single word often performing the office of sentences, nay, a tone not unfrequently rendering many words superfluous—always the phrase most perfectly suitable selected, and its place most happily chosen—all this is literally correct, and no picture of fancy, but a mere abridgement and transcript of the marvellous original; and yet it all falls very short of conveying its lineaments, and fails still more to render its colouring and its shades. For there was a constant gaiety of manner, which had the mirthful aspect of good humour, even on the eve or on the morrow of some flash in which his witty raillery had wrapt a subject or a person in ridicule, or of some torrent in which his satire had descended instantaneous but destructive—there was an archness of malice, when more than ordinary execution must be done, that defied the pencil of the describer, as it did the attempts of the imitator—there were manners the most perfect in ease, in grace, in flexibility—there was the voice of singular depth and modulation, and the countenance alike fitted to express earnest respect, unostentatious contempt, and bland complacency—and all this must really have been witnessed to be accurately understood. His sayings—his *mots*, as the French have it, are renowned; but these alone convey an imperfect idea of his whole conversation. They show indeed the powers of his wit, and the felicity of his concise diction; and they have a peculiarity of style, such that, if shown without a name, no one could be at a loss to whom he should attribute them. But they are far enough from completing the sketch of his conversation to those who never heard it. A few instances, may, however, be given, chiefly to illustrate what has been said of his characteristic conciseness and selection.

Being asked if a certain authoress, whom he had long since known, but who belonged to the last age, was not “un peu ennuyeuse,” “Du tout,” said he, “elle était parfaitement ennuyeuse.” A gentleman in company was one day making a somewhat zealous eulogy of his mother's beauty, dwelling upon the topic at uncalled-for length—he himself having certainly inherited no portion of that kind under the marriage of his parents. “C'était, donc, Monsieur, votre pere qui apparemment n'était pas trop bien,” was the remark, which at once released the circle from the subject. When Madame de Staël published her celebrated novel of *Delphine*, she was supposed to have painted herself in the person of the heroine, and M. Talleyrand in that of an elderly lady, who is one of the principal characters. “On me dit (said he, the first time he met her) que nous sommes tous les deux dans votre roman, déguisés en femme.” Rulhières, the celebrated author of the work on the Polish revolution, having said, “Je n'ai fait qu'un mechantet de ma vie;” “Et quand finira-t-elle?” was M. Talleyrand's reply. “Geneve est ennuyeuse, n'est-ce pas?” asked a friend; “Surtout quand on s'y amuse,” was the answer. “Elle est insupportable” (said he, with marked emphasis, of one well known; but as if he had gone too far, and to take off something of what he had laid on, he added) “Elle n'a que ce défaut-là.” “Ah, je sens les tourmens d'enfer,” said a person whose life had been supposed to be somewhat of the loosest. “Déjà?”* was the inquiry suggested to M. Talleyrand. Nor ought we to pass over the only *mot* that ever will be recorded of Charles X., uttered on his return to France in 1814, on seeing, like our second Charles at a similar reception, that the adversaries of his family had disappeared, “Il n'y a qu'un Français de plus.” This was the suggestion of M. Talleyrand. He afterwards proposed, in like manner, to Charles's successor, that the foolish freaks of the Duchesse de Berri should be visited with this rescript to her and her faction—“Madame, il n'y a plus d'espoir pour vous, Vous serez jugée, condamnée, et graciée.”

Of his temper and disposition in domestic life, it remains to speak; and nothing could be more perfect than these. If it be true, which is, however, more than questionable, that a life of public business hardens the heart; if this be far more certainly the tendency of a life much chequered with various fortune: if he is almost certain to lose his natural sympathies with mankind, who has in his earliest years tasted the bitter cup of cruel and unnatural treatment, commended to his lips by the hands that should have cherished him; if, above all, a youth of fashionable dissipation and intrigue, such as M. Talleyrand, like most of our own great men, undeniably led, has, in almost every instance, been found to eradicate the softer domestic feelings, and to plant every selfish weed in the cold soil of a neglected bosom—surely it is no small praise of his kindly and generous nature, that we are entitled to record how marked an exception he formed to all the rules. While it would be a foolish and a needless exaggeration to represent him as careless of his own interests, or ambition, or gratification, at any period of his life, it is nevertheless quite true that his disposition continued to the last gentle and kindly; that he not only entertained throughout the tempest of the revolutionary anarchy the strongest abhorrence of all violent and cruel deeds, but exerted his utmost influence in mitigating the excesses which led to them in others; that his love of peace in all its blessed departments, whether tranquillity at home, or amity and good-will abroad, was the incessant object of his labours; that, in domestic life, he was of a peculiarly placid temper, and full of warm and steady affections. His aversion to all violent courses was, indeed, in some instances, carried to a length which prevented his wonted calmness of judgment, and his constant and characteristic love of justice even when an adversary was concerned, from having their free scope. He never could speak with patience of Carnôt, for having continued, during the reign of terror, to serve and to save his country by directing the war which defended her against Europe in arms;—forgetting how much less could be urged for his own conduct under the profligate and tyrannical directory of 1797 and 1798, under the conscriptions of Napoleon, and under the military occupation of the Allies—even admitting his predominant desire to prevent anarchy and con-

* Certainly it came naturally to him: it is, however, not original. The Cardinal de Retz's physician is said to have made a similar exclamation on a like occasion:—*Deja, Monseigneur?*

quest—than might most fairly be offered in defence of that illustrious republican's inflexible and uncompromising, though stern and undaunted virtue.

ANGLING.

SKETCHES BY A FLY-FISHER.

This chapter shall be on the nature and habits of the trout and grayling, and will point out the times in which they are to be caught or left alone. They both belong to the family *salmonida*, as do all fish of the trout species.

The common trout, the one to catch which I pointed you out the proper flies, is called the *salmo fario*, and is an inhabitant of almost every river, lake, stream, and brook, of the empire, and in spawning season is not unfrequently found in narrow ditches. He is a voracious feeder, affords excellent diversion to the experienced angler, but is so cautious and active that skill and patience are necessary to ensure success. During the day the large fish seldom move from their accustomed hiding places; but in the evening, and especially during the night, they roam about in quest of small fish, insects, and their larvæ. The younger trout are to be seen at all hours of the day sporting on the shallow rapid parts of the stream, where the greater caution of the older fish prevents their appearance.—They are a courageous fish, and a trout has been known to defeat a pike in a contention for a particular spot in the water. The season of spawning with trout is the month of October, at which time they make their way up stream, and enter brooks and even ditches. From this time until May they are out of season, and it is a pity to kill them; do not trout-fish, therefore, from October to May.

The trout varies considerably in appearance in different localities, and some persons believe that several species exist. I think not; and the apparent difference in appearance is to be attributed to the various strata traversed by rivers in their course, to the effect these variations of soil must produce upon the water, and the influence which the constant operation of the water produces upon the fish that inhabit it. The common trout may be known by the number of its vertebrae, or joints of the back-bone, which are fifty-six. The best food for trout is flies: this has been proved by the following interesting experiment. Trout were placed in separate tanks, one of which was daily supplied with worms, another with live minnows, and a third with dark coloured water flies. The trout fed with worms grew slowly, and had a lean appearance; those nourished on minnows, which, it was observed, they darted at with great voracity, became much larger; while such as were solely fed with flies attained, in a short time, prodigious dimensions, weighing twice as much as both the others put together, although the quantity of food swallowed by them was by no means so great. Here is a proof that during the months of May, June, and July, when there are most flies upon the water, trout are in the best season.—The age to which trout may arrive has not been correctly ascertained, but it has been related of two that were placed in wells, that one lived to the age of 28 years, the other to the age of 53: the former of these fishes never, during the time, increased in size.

The largest common trout ever caught in this country, as appears from a notice sent to the Linnæan Society, was taken on the 11th of January, 1822, in a little stream, ten feet wide, branching from the Avon, at the back of Castle street, Salisbury. On being taken out of the water it weighed 25lbs. It was placed in a pond, where it was fed, and lived four months, but at the time of its death only weighed 21lbs.

Taking it all in all I believe no river in England produces larger trout than the Thames. Among the best localities may be named Kingston, opposite to the public house called the Angler, Hampton Court bridge and weir, and the weirs at Shepperton and Chertsey. These large trout are objects of great attraction to the best London anglers, who in taking them unite a degree of skill and judgment that can scarcely be exceeded. The most usual mode practised to deceive these experienced fish is by trolling with a small bleak, gudgeon, or minnow; and trout of 15lbs weight have been sometimes taken. Some of the deep pools in the Thames above Oxford afford excellent trout, and of very large size. It is upon record that six of them taken by minnow-spinning weighed together 54lbs, the largest weighing 13lbs. No fisherman, unless he be profoundly skilled in the art, can ever hope to take, except by chance, a trout of 13lbs weight. A well fed fish of twelve inches in length will have the following proportions:—The length of the head, compared to the length of the head and body, not including the caudal rays or tail, will be as one to four; the depth of the body rather more than the length of the head; the dorsal or back fin commences half-way between the point of the nose and the commencement of the upper caudal rays; the third ray of the dorsal fin, which is the longest, longer than the base of the fin; the origin of the adipose or fat fin half-way between the commencement of the dorsal fin and the end of the upper half of the tail; the pectoral fin (that on the side of the breast) two-thirds of the length of the head; the ventral or belly fins under the middle of the dorsal fin, and half-way between the origin of the pectoral fin and the end of the base of the anal fin (that next the tail under the belly,) and this last fin begins half-way between the origin of the ventral fin and the commencement of the interior caudal rays; the tail but slightly forked, and growing slowly up to square in old fish, and sometimes even slightly convex as seen in large Thames trout. The fin rays in number are—D. 14, P. 14, V. 9, A. 11, C. 19; vertebrae 56. The colour of the back, and upper part of the sides made up of numerous dark reddish brown spots on a yellow brown ground; eleven or twelve bright red spots along the side line, with a few other red spots above and below the line; the lower part of the sides golden yellow; belly and under surface silvery white; dorsal fin and tail light brown, with numerous darker brown spots; the adipose fin brown, frequently with one or two darker brown spots, and edged with red; the pectoral, ventral, and anal fins, uniform pale orange brown. The number of scales in a row above and underneath the lateral line about twenty-five.

After this description of the common trout, if you commit it to memory, you can never mistake any trout for the common river one, and you will be

able to tell whether he is fresh and in season; if not, his colours will be far less brilliant than those described to you. I now proceed to describe that beautiful fish, seldom seen in London, called the grayling.

The Latin name of this fish is *salmo thymallus*, or the thyme smelling salmon, from being said to smell of thyme, as the smelt does of cucumber. The grayling, though abounding in some streams, is a very local fish, in many respects similar in its habits to the trout; many rivers produce trout that do not grayling. It is principally found in the rivers of the midland and northern counties. The river Test, in Hampshire, and both the Avons, produce it. The Dove is its favourite river, both in Herefordshire, Staffordshire, and Derbyshire. In Herefordshire it is found in the Lug, Wye, and the Irvon; in Shropshire, in the Teme and the Clun, the former river being particularly famed for it; in Staffordshire, in the Hodder, Trent, and Wye; in Nottinghamshire, in the Trent; in the Dee, in Wales; in the Rhine, in Lancashire; in Yorkshire, in the Derwent, Ure, Wharfe, and Wiske; in the river Derwent, in Derbyshire. I never caught this fish either in Ireland or Scotland. This excellent fish being in season when the trout is not, many have supposed that the jolly monks who used to be,

"If their annals say true, nor wrong these holy men,"

great worshippers of the belly, introduced it into this country from the Continent. It is a fact that many of the rivers containing grayling, flow near the remains of great monasteries. The ova of this fish are extremely numerous, large, and of a deep orange colour, and the spawning season is April and the commencement of May, in this respect differing from all other *salmonida*, all of which spawn at the end of the year, and in cold weather, exactly at the time the grayling is in perfect season. Grayling are in best season in October and November, and should not be killed from the middle of March to the commencement of the former month. The average weight of grayling is about a pound, and I consider a fish of two pounds a large one. A grayling of four and a half pound's weight has been killed in the Test, and one of five pounds' has been caught near Shrewsbury. I have never seen, and do not expect ever to see such large grayling. The back or dorsal fin of the grayling is of prodigious size, when compared to its own dimensions and those of its other fins, and for this reason it is unable to stem rapid torrents. Contrary to the trout, it is prone to go down stream than up, and is never seen leaping at a weir or fall.

The following are the exact proportions of a fish of this sort in season, and measuring ten inches in length:—

The length of the head to the body as one to four; the depth of the body rather more than equal the length of the head; from the point of the nose to the commencement of the dorsal fin is equal to one third of the length of the whole fish to the end of the fleshy portion of the tail; the posterior edge of the dorsal fin half-way between the point of the nose and the end of the longest caudal rays; the adipose fin rather nearer the fin than the end of the tail; the height of the dorsal fin equal to half the height of the body, the first ray short, the next five increasing gradually in length; the sixth ray nearly as long as the seventh, which with all the rays behind it have the same height; the length of the base of the fin not equal to twice the length of the longest ray; the pectoral fin small, narrow, and pointed; the ventral fins commencing in a vertical line under the middle of the dorsal fin; the anal fin begins half-way between the origin of the ventral fin and the end of the fleshy portion of the tail; the tail forked; the middle rays rather more than half as long as the longest. The rays in number are—D. 20, P. 15, V. 10, A. 13, C. 20; vertebrae 58. The head is small and pointed, and flattened at the top; behind the head the nape and back rise suddenly; the body deepest at the commencement of the dorsal fin, then tapering off to the tail. The general colour of body light yellow-brown, beautifully varied with golden, copper, green, and blue reflections, when seen in different lights, with a few decided dark spots. The grayling appears to become darker with age, and the pectoral fins are reddish about spawning time, with small black spots. The grayling is generally found at the tail of long and not over rapid streams. It is a matter of dispute whether the flavour of the trout or grayling is the finest. I prefer that of the former, though I confess the difference is extremely slight.

It is a consolation to the fly-fisher that those two princesses of fish are inhabitants, particularly the grayling, of those rivers which flow through the most beautiful scenery of this beautiful land. They love the streams that adorn mountain and hilly landscape, whilst they leave those wide, dull, slow rivers that wind sluggishly through the monotonous flat counties to the coarsest kind of fish—to the insipid barbel and chub. What an encouragement to become a fly-fisher—the salmon and all his delightful family are to be found in far greatest abundance amidst scenes which nature in her kindest mood has bedecked with a love—with a taste, if I may so speak—bordering on extravagance!

My next will be, I believe, on bottom-fishing, when I shall show how the commoners and middling classes of the waters are to be caught. I have taught you how to hook the finny aristocrats. I wish I could hook one or two human aristocrats: depend upon it, before I unfreed the hook from their gullets I'd obtain the cottage and narrow lands already described, and which are the goal of my mundane ambition.

SANS-LE-SOUS, June 26.

TRINITY CHURCH—WALL STREET.

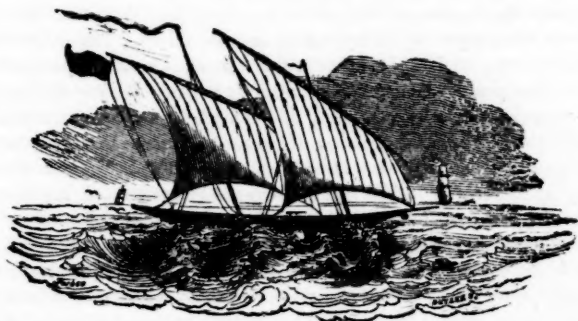
We are glad to avail ourselves of the sensible remark of a writer in the Gazette on the affairs of Trinity Church, and are more than glad to learn that the vestry have resolved to rebuild on this consecrated spot a church worthy of the location.

The vestry of this ancient church, finding on further examination, that it is impossible to repair it, have reluctantly concluded on its entire demolition! There is no class of citizens more sensitive on the subject than that of our old inhabitants; they deeply regret it, but the vestry of that time-honoured church are about to build on the same ground a *suitab*, chapel to accommodate those of the old school who are still desirous to

worship where their ancestors are interred. The building of the splendid cathedral is to be up town on some of their delightful grounds, of which they own so much.

The contemplated new chapel will cost between sixty and seventy thousand dollars, and judging from the warmth of feeling toward preserving the burial ground of Trinity Church, we are induced to remind those of our citizens who seem so anxious to have Wall street carried through, that such a thing will be impossible. The vestry were awarded sixty thousand dollars for that portion of their ground which was to be taken away, when the opening of Pine street was in contemplation; this they very properly refused, and certainly we have the right to believe they will refuse any amount of money for this innovation in the opening of Wall street.

If gentlemen are desirous to have Wall street carried to the North River, would it not be better for them to have Rector street widened on the southerly side, and carried down to the corner of Broad street? There is no difficulty in doing this; the more so, as the vestry of Grace Church are disposed to sell that building—they have no graveyard to be violated! We are anxious for improvements in our favoured city as any one, but we cannot divine why some of our citizens are thus vampyring on our graveyards. We are bound to say, that from what has already been done in this way, they must by this time have a surfeit. There never has been a stranger but who admires “these relics of times gone by,” and we are not desirous to drive (as Marryat says in his travels) cars over the graves of our fathers. We throw ourselves on the generosity of those who wish such improvements, and if they feel as we do, this barbarous suggestion of ruining Trinity churchyard will be abandoned at once. ARGUS.



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1839.

JOTTINGS DOWN IN LONDON.

NUMBER THREE.

I think Lady Stepney had more talent and distinction crowded into her pretty rooms, last night, than I ever before saw in such small compass. It is a bijou of a house, full of gems of statuary and painting, but all its capacity for company lies in a small drawing-room, a smaller reception-room, and a very small, but very exquisite, boudoir—yet to tell you who were there would read like Colburn's list of authors, added to a paragraph of noble diners-out from the Morning Post.

The largest lion of the evening certainly was the new Persian Ambassador, a man six feet in his slippers; a height which, with his peaked calpack, of a foot and a half, superadded, keeps him very much among the chandeliers. The principal article of his dress does not diminish the effect of his eminence—a long white shawl worn like a cloak, and completely enveloping him from beard to toe. From the twisted shawl around his waist glitters a dagger's hilt, lump'd with diamonds,—and diamonds, in most dazzling profusion, almost cover his breast. I never saw so many together except in a cabinet of regalia. Close behind this steeple of shawl and gem, keeps, like a short shadow when the sun is high, his Excellency's Secretary, a dwarfishly small man, dressed also in cashmere and calpack, and of a most ill-favored and bow-stringish countenance and mien. The master and man seem chosen for contrast, the countenance of the Ambassador expressing nothing but serene good nature. The Ambassador talks too, and the Secretary is dumb.

Theodore Hook stood bolt upright against a mirror door, looking like two Theodore Hooks trying to see which was taller. The one with his face to me looked like the incarnation of the John Bull newspaper, (of which he is Editor,) for which expression he was indebted to a very red face, and a very round subject for a buttoned-up coat; while the Hook with his back to me looked like an author, for which he was indebted to an exclusive view of his cranium. I dare say Mr. Hook would agree with me that he was seen, on the whole, at a most enviable advantage. It is so seldom we look, *beyond the man*, at the author.

I have rarely seen a greater contrast in person and expression than between Hook and Bulwer, who stood near him. Both were talking to ladies—one bald, burly, upright, and with a face of immovable gravity, the other slight, with a profusion of curling hair, restless in his movements,

and of a countenance which lights up with a sudden inward illumination. Hook's partner in the conversation looked into his face with a ready-prepared smile for what he was going to say—Bulwer's listened with an interest complete, but without effort. Hook was suffering from what I think is the common curse of a reputation for wit—the expectation of the listener had out-run the performance.

Henry Bulwer, whose diplomatic promotion goes on much faster than can be pleasing to “*Lady Cheveley*,” has just received his appointment to Paris—the object of his first wishes. He stood near his brother, talking to a very beautiful and celebrated woman, and I thought, spite of her Ladyship's description, I had seldom seen a more intellectual face, or a more gentlemanly and elegant exterior.

Hayward, the translator, sat talking to a Dowager Duchess; Fonblanque stood with his sombre visage against the wall, while his beautiful wife sang to the tall Persian; Morier, author of *Hajji Baba*, glided about with his fine, shining head, and mirth-loving countenance, and diplomatists and authors, dandies, dames, and demoiselles, all people “of mark,” circulated to and fro, listened to the music a little, and looked up at the Ambassador a great deal.

Late in the evening came in His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and I wondered, as I had done many times before, when in company with one of these Royal brothers, at the uncomfortable etiquette so laborously observed towards them. Wherever he moved in the crowded rooms, everybody rose and stood silent, and by giving way much more than for any one else, left a perpetual circular space around him, in which, of course, his conversation had the effect of a lecture to a listening audience. A more embarrassed manner and a more hesitating mode of speech than the Duke's, I cannot conceive. He is evidently *géné* to the last degree with this burdensome deference, and one would think that in the society of highly cultivated and aristocratic persons such as were present, he would be delighted to put his Highness into his pocket when the footmen leaves him at the door, and hear no more of it till he goes again to his carriage. There was great curiosity to know whether the Duke would think it etiquettical to speak to the Persian, as in consequence of the difference between the Shah and the British envoy the tall minister is not received at the court of St. James. Lady Stepney introduced them, however, and then the Duke again must have felt his rank nothing less than a nuisance. It is awkward enough, at any time, to converse with a foreigner who has not forty English words in his vocabulary, but what with the Duke's hesitating and difficult utterance, the silence and attention of the listening guests, and the Persian's deference and complete inability to comprehend a syllable, the scene was quite painful.

There was some of the most exquisite amateur singing I ever heard after the company thinned off a little, and the fashionable song of the day was sung, by a most beautiful woman, in a way to move half the company to tears. It is called “*Ruth*,” and is a kind of recitative of the passage in Scripture “*Where thou goest I will go*,” etc. You will probably find it in the last importation of music.

Lover sang some of his delicious songs in his own delightful manner, and, by the way, he is talking of going to the United States to try there his profession of miniature painter. He is clever at every thing, and will be no small acquisition both to the arts in that difficult line, and to society.

Mrs. Hill's beautiful “*Flower-Waltzes*,” of which I brought over a few copies, have excited some wonder as American compositions. They are played now, with admiration, by some of the fairest fingers of May Fair, and I think, stand in good chance of ruling the hour. In my account of Almack's I did not mention a new quadrille, called the Queen's favorite, which is *sung* by the band to castanets. It flies into one's heels like mercury.

I picked up a volume of poems at the club to-day, which I had never seen before, and here is one good thing from it:—

LINES TO A SISTER DEAD.—BY JOHN KENTON.

I think of thee, my sister, in my sad and lonely hours,
And the thought of thee comes o'er me like the breath of morning flowers.

Like music that enchants the ear, like sights that bless the eye;
Like the verdure of the meadow—the azure of the sky—
Like rainbow in the evening, like blossom on the tree,
Is the thought of thee, dear Charlotte,—is the tender thought of thee.

I think on thee, dear sister, I think on thee at even,
When I see the first and fairest star steal peaceful out of Heaven.
I hear thy sweet and touching voice in each soft breeze that blows,
Whether it waft red autumn-leaf, or fan the summer rose.
'Mid the waste of this lone heath, by this desert, moaning sea,
I mourn for thee, my Charlotte, and shall ever mourn for thee.

I have driven in the Park several days, admiring the Queen on horse back, and observing the changes in the fashions of driving, equipages, &c. Her Majesty seems to me to ride very securely and fearlessly, though it is no wonder that in a country where every body rides, there should be bolder and better horsewomen. Miss Quentin, one of the Maids of Honour

said to be the best female equestrian in England, "takes the courage out" of the Queen's horse every morning before the ride—so she is secured against one class of accidents. I met the Royal party yesterday in full gallop near the centre of Rotten Row, and the two grooms who ride ahead, had brief time to do their work of making the crowd of carriages give way. On came the Queen upon a dun coloured, highly groomed horse, with her Prime Minister on one side of her and Lord Byron upon the other, her *cortege* of Maids of Honour, and Ladies and Lords in waiting, checking their more spirited horses, and preserving always a slight distance between themselves and her Majesty. Victoria's round, plump figure, looks extremely well in her dark green riding-dress, but I thought the man's hat unbecoming. Her profile is not sufficiently good for that trying style, and the cloth riding-cap is so much prettier, that I wonder she does not remember that "nice customs curtsy to great Queens," and wear what suits her. She rode with her mouth open, and looked exhilarated with the exercise. Lord Melbourne, it struck me, was the only person in her party whose face had not the constrained look of consciousness of observation.

I observe that the "crack men" ride without martin-gals, and that the best turn-outs are driven without a check-rein. The outstretched neck which is the consequence, has a sort of Arab or blood look, probably the object of the change; but the drooping head when the horse is walking or standing seems to me ugly and out of taste. All the new carriages are built near the ground. The low park-phaeton, light as a child's plaything, and drawn by a pair of ponies, is the fashionable equipage. I saw the prettiest thing conceivable of this kind yesterday in the park—a lady driving a pair of small cream-coloured horses of great beauty, with her two children in the phaeton, and two grooms behind, mounted on cream-coloured saddle horses, all four of the animals of the finest shape and action. The new street cabs, (precisely the old-fashioned sedan chair suspended between four wheels, a foot from the ground) are imitated by private carriages, and driven with two horses—ugly enough. The cab-phaeton, (of which there was a very handsome specimen at Collis and Lawrence's when I left New York) is in great fashion, with either one or two horses. The race of ponies is greatly improved since I was in England. They are as well shaped as the large horse, with very fine coats and great spirit. The children of the nobility go scampering through the park upon them, looking like horsemen and horsewomen seen through a reversed opera-glass. They are scarce larger than a Newfoundland dog, but they patter along with great speed. There is one fine lad of about eight years whose parents seem to have very little care for his neck, and who, upon a fleet milk-white, long tailed pony, is seen daily riding at a rate of twelve miles an hour through the most crowded streets, with a servant on a tall horse plying whip and spur to keep up with him. The whole system has the droll effect of a mixture of Lilliput and Brobdingnag.

Lady Blessington's different carriages, are still, each in their style, the most beautiful turn-outs in England, and D'Orsay's fine figure and noble horsemanship give an air of superior elegance to his new-sported dress of the old English gentleman,—the blue coat, buff leathers, and Hessian boots. Talking with him yesterday on horseback in a bright sunshine, I could not but marvel at the absolutely untouched youth and freshness of his face—the skin as clear and faultless as a boy's of fourteen, and his small delicate features showing not even the first beginnings of the wear and tear of life. Yet D'Orsay must be somewhere between thirty-five and forty, and has lived a century of excitement and "life." What is his "well of Canathos?"

I find myself continually drawing comparisons between what I see and what I left of the same kind in America, and there are many things, the mechanic arts more particularly, in which I think we are stealing a march on the old country. Our harnesses, for one thing, are decidedly superior in make and style. I think Frost makes you a better coat than you can now get made in England, and I was fortunate enough to bring one of Warnock's hats (I trust it will last me till I return) which, my club acquaintances say, could not be replaced in Bond Street for lightness and beauty. I have been surprised at a similar impression with regard to some other matters of rather graver weight, and I am inclined to think we may soon find ourselves in a relative position to England in the art of *living*, such as would be scarce credited by those who remember the relative ages of the mother and child.

What say you to one or two new conundrums for the Corsair? Dining yesterday in company with one or two very scientific gentlemen, a grave Professor gave them to the ladies for *new*.

hy are London females unhappy at three quarters past seven? Because the *mails* leave at eight.

At a feast of animals who sets at the head of the table? The cow—because she *calves*.

Keep these for private use if you like. I answer for their novelty no farther than that they were new to me. N. P. W.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A GENUINE ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE ON THE HUDSON.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

The most cherished friend will sometimes drop in upon you, *mal apropos*; but at this season of the year when a man sits half the day long in his slippers and grass cloth jacket, there is no saying at what hour his paradise of ease may be invaded by unseasonable callers of either sex. The judicious Gibbon, when sharing a country-house with a bachelor friend at Geneva, strenuously insisted upon an agreement with his messmate that neither should ever approach the suite of apartments allotted to the other without first sending in his name. The arrangement was a formal one, and difficult, indeed, to preserve between intimate friends. Still, perhaps, this single condition of ceremony enabled them to live upon the finest terms with each other in all other respects, without degenerating into too gross familiarity. The old nursery proverb of "knock before you enter," like most old-fashioned laws has both pith and value to it. Were it oftener observed how many a gay pleasure party would have kept their hilarity undisturbed by some mar-mirth who has intruded uninvited upon them—There is in fact no more mischievous class in society than that free and easy race, who, regarding all invitations as useless forms, bounce in upon your dinner on a washing day, devour the remains of your cold joint at supper, and finally make themselves at home by packing off the children to sleep with the maid-servants, while they remain for the night and take a bed with you. The brute creation, if we are to believe Esop, abound in the same sort of free and easy dispositions, ever since the jackass danced among the chickens or leaped into the farmer's lap, as he took his evening pipe by the fireside. But we were ourselves the recent witnesses of an intrusive familiarity of this kind that was even more whimsical than that of the fabled donkey. As the incident, though of the most grotesque kind, had some pretty decided elements of terror in it, we ought to usher it in with all the accessories of time, place and circumstance, that really belong to it.

We were sailing, then, by night in an open boat upon the Hudson. A brisk wind that wafted our little craft gaily over Haverstraw bay deserted us as we entered the Horserace; but we still glided along with the tide around St. Anthony's Peak, and swept beneath the deep shadows of Sugar-loaf mountain. But now as we approached Nelson's landing, upon the East side of the river, the sky became thickly overcast, a few broad drops descended, and the night grew so thick and dark that we had to get out our oars and feel our way along the shore while preparing to cast anchor.—Suddenly, however, a short sharp gust of wind began to sweep across the haunted fields of Beverley, the top of our sail caught them above the steep banks, and we put out boldly, stemming the tide, instead of longer creeping thus ingloriously among the eddies. We neared West Point, and the sudden appearance of a caravan of tow-boats which came crashing around the promontory, compelled us, in order to avoid them, to strike into a little bay on the south-east side of Constitution island. The steamers, with their convoy, soon swept by, the breeze suddenly lulled, and our sprit-sail boat, with her three voyagers, was the only object upon the waters. It was now an hour past midnight, and the fatigues of the day seemed to press doubly upon our eye-lids, as the drowsy sail flapped against the mast, and the spars yawed and creaked, as our boat rolled among the miniature waves which the steamboat had made in passing. But even this monotonous motion ceased at last, and we lay in the dead calm like a log upon the water. Our boat floated above the spot where a British man-of-war was sunk during the Revolution, and to a person gazing from the table land of West Point, she might almost, by a little stretch of imagination, have been taking for a buoy marking the scene of the disaster. In the midst of the perfect stillness, while our companions were lounging listlessly in the bow of the boat and we with our hand upon the tiller, carelessly reclining upon the stern sheets, and when not a word had been for some time exchanged by either, the glassy water upon our beam suddenly parted, sliding aside, as it were, like the trap-door of a theatre, and an apparition such as "The Bowery" could hardly furnish from its property-room of phantoms, rose suddenly, as if from the very hold of the sunken frigate. Straight up it came, measuring, as it seemed, by the faint gleam of our lantern amidst ships, at least ten feet upon our mast before it had fairly lifted itself above the gunwale; and then with a tremendous crash it descended upon our rowing benches. The intervals between these were closely stowed with trash and boxes, a tarpaulin spread over them, and it was perhaps this only which prevented the monster from making his way at once through the bottom of the boat. And now ensued a scene of rare excitement: our little crew were upon their feet in an instant to repel this formidable boarder; but the oars had been all snugly stowed an hour pre-

viciously, and before a stick or spar could be got hold of, the fish had given another tremendous leap and thrown himself fairly into the stern sheets of the boat, where he commenced lashing about with his tail after a fashion that threatened to demolish everything within reach of it. We were ourselves fairly cornered and cut off from the rest of our companions. We tried vainly to unship the tiller in the hope of warding off his dangerous blows, as he each moment floundered nearer and nearer; but even had we succeeded, the flinty scales with which—like those of an alligator—his back and sides are armed, would have rendered so frail a weapon harmless. We would have stepped into the coxswain box, but the short rolling of the boat as she rocked and strained under her novel burthen, would have made it impossible to stand there; and like the sailor who thought it time to dismount when the horse got his hind leg in the stirrup,* we had fairly come to the conclusion to retire over-board, and take the place which our boisterous and unwelcome guest had just vacated in the river. Better things were in store for us, however; one of our companions succeeded in getting a sprit to bear upon the monster, and using the long spar like a lance, he thrust into his muzzle with all the vigour of an experienced spearman; the other caught up the jigger-mast, which happily being not rigged, lay as the readiest weapon to hand; but a single blow on the chine of the brute split it to pieces. The same champion then seized a heavy sixteen feet oar, and commenced raining his blows upon the head and neck of the enemy with a rapidity and vigour worthy of the doughty clerk of Copmanhurst. The damp stranger seemed now coming to terms. He laid unresisting for a moment, and actually bellowed with pain. But he was not yet dead. We were upon the point of stepping over his body to seize upon something which would give us a personal share in finishing his entertainment, when he began to lash his tail about almost as furiously as ever. But now he of the lance, like an experienced old tar as he is, caught up a rope, made a running noose of it, and in a few moments our two friends had slipped it over the tail of the brute and belayed him fast amidships. His resistance then became gradually less and less, though he was altogether nearly an hour in dying, and finally he lay harmless in the boat, nothing more than "a dem damp moist unpleasant body."

Our unbidden guest proved to be what is called a blunt-nosed sturgeon, measuring between *seven and eight feet in length*, and his weight after bleeding through the rest of the night, and drying in the sun till the next mid-day, was *one hundred and forty pounds*. An incident similar to this happened upon Newburg bay a few years since; but in that case the fish stove the boat to pieces, and the man who rowed her barely escaping with his life still observes a vow, which he made in his terror, of never venturing again upon the river. The adventure has hardly affected our boat's crew in the same way, for after carving up our sturgeon and supplying the neighbourhood where we are stopping with "Albany beef" we found it relished so much that we have twice gone out in the boat with a lantern at night in the hopes of more sport from one of these fine and easy gentlemen again leaping toward the light. But it is a different thing to meet such a stranger, when you are on the *qui vive* to receive him, and to have him tumble in upon you as an "unbidden guest."

* "If you are going to get on, I'll get off," quoth Jack

A TURN AMONG THE FASHIONABLES.

The time was, and but a few years since too, that an excursion to the Springs was a momentous affair, requiring deliberation, much forethought, and a well filled purse. How different it now is, how quickly a flying visit can be made to those miraculous waters, and how many and how much can be seen, may be gathered from the following data of a three days trip made by ourselves.

For twenty two weeks we had been scarcely out of our chair editorial and at most not beyond the sound of the City Hall bell. Diligently had we catered, and most generously had we been rewarded. An absolute yearning to snuff the air of the country and change the scene of daily toil, determined us to make an experiment, and learn how much of fashion—and life and country could be seen in three days.

In the fulfilment of our resolution, on Saturday evening we jumped on board that fly-away boat, the Swallow—a boat whose speed is only surpassed by the urbane hospitality of her commander, Capt. MacLane, and shooting up the ever glorious old Hudson with magical swiftness, we found ourselves at the first crack of dawn laying off Albany. Getting on board the Troy "tender," we expeditiously steamed our way to that city of classic names and hot rolls,—made our toilet, breakfasted—entered the cars, fumed, puffed, and slid along the railroad, like lightning down a Franklin rod, till we dashed into Saratoga just as the fashionable throngs were wending their way to peaceful worship at church. The Hotels were all full—placards wafered to the register announced the fact, but availing ourselves of the kindness of a friend we billeted in his spacious apartments, they being, in Saratoga parlance, a colonization from the United States Hotel. Taking a turn over the grounds and through the village, we were struck with the fact that of all we met, every two persons in

three seemed to be New Yorkers. It was difficult to imagine ourselves out of the city. The Battery when crowded scarcely contains a greater preponderance of native citizens than were thronging the streets and piazzas of Saratoga. In two hours we had circled the drawing-rooms of the three principal Hotels, and saw more beauty than any reasonable Mohammedan ever expects to meet in his paradise of Houris. Dined at Congress Hall—rode to the Lake in the evening behind four dashing bays of the wittiest punster and the author of more *bon mots* than all others at the Springs. Teased at the Pavillion in quiet and cheerfulness—joined a party of good livers at a game supper at the United States, and retired at 12. On Monday morning it rained cats and dogs—cleared off by noon—witnessed the re-arrival of the President, was introduced to Mr. Clay and Gen. Scott—were within ear shot and almost in contact when Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Clay encountered each other perambulating the Drawing-room after dinner amid crowds of belles and beaux, excited to the utmost to witness the meeting of the rival magnates.

We took the evening cars for Albany by way of Schenectady,—laughed our way along like a younker in a frolic—feasted our eyes on the delicious meadows of the Mohawk—looked sharp for Bobby Lincoln, but saw Mary Lincoln gadding about the clover top, probably flirting with Harry Hanse—muckle weaver. Ascended to the startling summit of the barren plains "back side of Albany," and shot into that city like an arrow. Ran about town till sleepiness fell upon us—lodged in the city of hills and domes—took the morning boat—that wonder of the season, the Albany—were closely pursued by a little steaming craft with the ominous name of Balloon, which flitted near us and around us as the martins and swallows follow crows. Determined to make the most of our day, we accompanied a party who stopped at West Point—landed—dined, mounted to the beetling summit of old Fort Putnam—revelled in the excitement which the associations of the spot and the glorious scenery must ever excite—rescued a wayward child, who in frolic and the exhilaration of that "upper air," had venturously attempted to poise herself on the pinnacle of the old battlement, trusting to the firmness of a treacherous stone—hurried down to witness the evening parade of the beautiful corps of Cadets now encamped on the plain below—their snow white tents glittering in the evening sun, and recalling the scene of the camp of the Crusaders on the fields of Palestine. Supped, and joined the house hold of visitors to witness a peculiarity of the place—a "stag dance" by moon light—one of the recreations of those unwearied youths, in whom early drills—horse-back exercises, and evening parades cannot diminish their love of sport and athletic amusements. At midnight we took the downward boat—reached the city at daylight, and nine o'clock found us again ensconced in our elbow chair devoted to our toils—which, after our three days eventful ramble, seem to us grateful pleasures cheerfully to be fulfilled.

Thus we have demonstrated that in these days of Steamboats and Railroads any one may see more—hear more—learn more—and enjoy more in three days of diligent travel, than our pious and brave forefathers could have seen, heard, learned and enjoyed, in as many weeks.

A WORD ON OUR OWN AFFAIRS.

We have refrained from intruding the affairs of THE CORSAIR on the attention of our Readers, because in the first place we did not deem it in very good taste, and secondly, we could not imagine that so long as we fulfilled the promises of our Prospectus that our subscribers felt any particular curiosity about our means of doing so. But the fashion of exposing the private concerns of papers has recently become so prevalent that we were admonished by a regard to our interests to say a few words, lest our friends might attribute our silence to some disappointment in our expectations, and because a few unkind contemporaries have most gratuitously questioned the permanency of our establishment.

Now we at once say, that before three weeks had elapsed from the issuing of our first number, The Corsair was honoured with a subscription of over *twenty five hundred*—a number most unprecedented, and which put the permanency of the paper beyond all question. From that time to the present our increase has been rapid and steady—and the quality of our subscribers out of the city may be judged of, when we state the fact, that the entire expences of the whole establishment were defrayed for fourteen weeks by the monies transmitted us by mail from country subscribers. Of our city list both in point of number and respectability we have reason to be proud, and on the score of payment we most gratefully acknowledge our obligations for the readiness and cheerful promptitude with which our wishes have been met.

Since the commencement of the publication of Mr. Willis's correspondence from Europe, a new impulse seems to have been given to our interests, and from all parts of the country we are daily receiving the most sure and flattering evidences of the estimation in which The Corsair is held.

To our contemporaries almost universally we owe the expression of our thankfulness for their partial and kind notices of our paper.

We hope it will not be deemed indelicate to avow our obligation to the Ladies whose support, evinced by the long list of gentle names on our subscription, has cheered us in the fulfilment of our duties.

Our large reprint of the early numbers are nearly exhausted, and we do not expect to be able to furnish them to new subscribers for more than a few days longer.

We will take this opportunity to say that our "Plunderings" from European Journals are not obtained without a heavy expense, though the same amount of fresh readable matter could not be procured for any thing like the same cost in this country if at all. We pay, and in advance, for the six leading English and Scotch Monthly Magazines, for seven London weekly literary papers, for two London political daily papers, and four Paris papers, besides having the privilege of extracting whatever is suitable for our columns from the immense quantity of publications received at the office of the Spirit of the Times.

The motives that have induced us to make these statements of matters so entirely personal, will, we trust, justify their appearance in our columns. We hope also that they who have assisted us to launch our bark, to spread our canvass, and unfurl our flag to the breeze, will gladly learn that we have escaped the perils of the coasts and head lands, and are now careering with glad hearts over the high seas of Literature, mindful of the rights of every American craft, but ruthless in our plundering of all that sail without the flag of the stars and stripes "floating out at the fore."

THE GREAT STEAMERS GOING HOME.

There has existed in this community ever since the departure of the British Queen and Great Western, an intense curiosity to learn their relative positions from all who have happened to cross their path on the ocean. Capt. Delano saw them 200 miles from the Hook the morning after they sailed, the Great Western being about one hour's sail ahead. On the morning of the next day Capt. Eldridge passed them, and supposed that the British Queen had changed her position, and was leading by about 12 miles. Subsequently it was inferred that Capt. Eldridge was mistaken, as his description of the leading vessel applied better to the Western than the Queen. In this period of uncertainty, the friends of the respective ships multiplied their bets, and suits of clothes—hats—boots—wine and cigars, were risked with a freedom that quite startled our morality.

Again they were seen by the ship Charlotte of Portsmouth, N. H., on their fifth day out, but they were too distant to distinguish the hull or masts of either. The Captain of the Charlotte took them to be about 50 miles apart.

It is generally understood that the Captains of the steam-ships before sailing disavowed all intention of "racing," and designed to give their engines a fair test of their comparative power with the ordinary supply of steam. The result will not reach here until one of them returns to us, so there is ample time for those to hedge who may have lost confidence in their favourite.

HYPERION, a Romance, by the author of *OUTRE-MER*.—We have read but a few chapters of this Romance, by Professor Longfellow, and we transferred the very first chapter we read to our own columns as a specimen of the style. It may be seen under the head of "Old Humbug." We have opened the two volumes at random and perused a few lines on a page as we would steal the aroma of a basket of delicious fruit which we shortly intend to eat with some friends.

The work seems to us a most delicate and finished production. We recollect nothing half so German and refined. Of the story we know nothing, but we have not cast our eye on a single passage that does not merit the highest praise for exquisite feeling and most graceful and simple expression.

We cannot find time this week to notice it farther, but shall devote the very first hours of leisure to the perusal of its pages, and a review of their contents.

It is published by S. COLMAN, No. 8 Astor House, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it quite the most beautiful specimen of American typography we have ever seen.

THE STEAM-SHIP LIVERPOOL.—This ship sailed on the 1st instant, and we are expecting to hear her arrival announced every moment. She is looked for by the commercial community with intense anxiety, as she will bring intelligence eighteen days later, which cannot fail to be of importance.

By her we expect letters from our associate in continuation of those already published, and which we have reason to say, are read with avidity and delight by our friends.

To-day or to-morrow at farthest we shall be in possession of our Magazines for August, and the London papers for the three weeks previous,

and "it will go hard" if we cannot find in their rich pages matter worthy of being transferred into the columns of the Corsair.

MAELZEL OUT DONE.—There has been no exhibition in this country that can be compared in point of mechanical ingenuity and perfect exactness of motion, with the Dioramic exhibition of the *Battle of Bunker Hill*, at Masonic Hall. You see the troops parade the streets, officers on horseback—cannon drawn, loaded and fired—the British crossing over to Charlestown in boats—the onslaught—the repulse—the attack renewed, and the retreat—all of which is performed by little automatons in a manner so perfect that the spectator cannot fail to admire the skill and industry of the inventor. The spectacle is well worth the attention of the curious, and we can hardly commend it too highly to the attention of the public.

ACCIDENT ON BOARD THE STEAMER NARRAGANSETT.—An accident occurred on board the Steamer Narragansett, Capt. Childs, on her way from Providence to this city, by which several persons were badly scalded.—The working machinery is in the centre of the boat, with a passage way on each side, and a tier of berths. Owing to a temporary obstruction to the supply pipe, the condenser became overheated, and when more water was let in, so much overflow was produced in the reservoir that a considerable quantity of water was thrown out on the cabin floor, contiguous to the berths near the boiler. An alarm being raised the inmates of the cabin leaped from their berths, and many were severely scalded by stepping into the water on the floor. One gentleman fell and was badly scalded on the side and leg, so that the flesh was laid bare from his breast to his feet.

Several physicians were on board, among them Dr. Francis, of New York, Dr. Moriarty, of Gloucester, Mass., Dr. Foster, of ———, so that all possible care was taken of the wounded men immediately, and they have been able to return to their homes without much delay.

A MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE—VERY!

The Mississippi editors have frequently to record most startling accounts of bloody rencontres, and may have probably created a taste among their readers for the tragic. Some penny-a-liner wishing to encourage and feed this appetite for the bloody and marvellous, has written the following story, which is going the rounds of the country papers, as having actually occurred in one of the Southern counties of Mississippi. We are inclined to believe that it will be news to the citizens of the county where the events are said to have happened.

The sheriff of Jackson county recently received, in his official capacity, some fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. Being called from home a day or two, as he said, he placed this money in the safe keeping of his wife. Late in the evening of the day her husband left, a strange gentleman called upon her for a night's lodging. After some little hesitation she allowed him to remain, and gave him the room where the large sum of money was left. About midnight, three black men, as the wife supposed, called upon her for the money. Believing it her duty to give it up she went to the room for it, where she found the stranger up and loading his pistols. He had been awakened by the noise and had overheard most of the conversation between his hostess and the robbers. Telling the lady to be of good heart, he gave her a loaded pistol and instructed her to go out and present the money to one of the robbers and shoot the fellow, whilst in the act of doing so: on her doing which he (the stranger) would be ready for the other two. With a coolness and courage that it is difficult to conceive in a woman, she did as directed, and the robber who received the money fell dead at her feet. Another instant and the stranger's bullet had felled a second robber. The third attempted to escape but was overtaken at the gate by the stranger, and fell under the thrust of his knife! As soon as practicable the neighbours were alarmed, and on washing the paint from the faces of the dead robbers, the one killed by the lady proved to be her own husband, and the other two a couple of near neighbours!!!

Such is the substance of the story. The editor of the Republican states it comes from a lady for whose credibility he is willing to vouch.

PERSONAL NEWS.

THE PRESIDENT still continues at Saratoga. He will leave next week on a tour to the Lakes.

MR. CLAY will leave the Springs to-day for Troy—spend the day there—remain during Sunday in Albany, and then proceed down the River visiting the principal towns by invitation, reaching this city on Wednesday, the 21st.

THE EX-GOVERNOR MORGAN L. LEWIS.—A correspondent of the Evening Post, writing from Saratoga thus alludes to this venerable gentleman.

The most interesting person here is Ex-Governor Morgan L. Lewis, who defeated Aaron Burr in 1805. He is now in his eighty-fifth year, upright, hale and strong. What a host of associations are aroused by reflecting on the career of that man! How many great events have passed before him, in such rapid succession, as to present to his mind the appearance of a great and grand drama! He saw men rise as if they would reach the sun; but

soon they fell, and their high aspirations, their inflated hopes, and towering ambition, were buried in disgrace beneath the ruins of the airy tene-ment, which they had piled but to become their monument. Oh, ambi-tion! how vain! how vain!

The Boston Daily Advertiser says: "The Royal Academy of History in Madrid, have testified their approbation of our townsman Mr. Prescott's labours by making him a member of their body, and what is more impor-tant, they have furnished him with a large mass of hitherto unpublished manuscripts, for the prosecution of his proposed history of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru."

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

The Park is now closed for the purpose of repairing and getting it into apple-pie order for the ensuing campaign. From all we can learn "Old Drury" will have to use all her guns to compete successfully with its vi-gilant competitor. But we are pleased to hear that every exertion has been made to secure all the available talent in England, both in Opera and the Ballet. The house will be opened on the 22d.

THE NATIONAL.

For several weeks past the carpenters, painters, and decorators, have had possession of this theatre, and we doubt not they will give it back to the manager more beautiful than it ever has been in its palmiest days. It will be opened on Monday the 19th—Mr. Forrest playing Virginius. Be-fore that time Mr. Wallack is expected to arrive, bringing with him a great number of stars, which, added to those already here, will form a galaxy unexampled on this side of the water, for fame, popularity, and histrionic merit.

The approaching season cannot fail to be the most exciting that we have had for many years. The variety of the entertainments—the distinction of the performers, and the curiosity of the public, will contribute to produce this effect, and must amply reward the indefatigable exertions of the ma-nager.

NIBLO'S

Burton and Browne are dividing the honours between them at the Garden, and as yet there has been no falling off in the crowds that nightly throng to this favorite summer resort.

THEODORE HOOK'S THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Perhaps as great an alteration as any which has occurred during the last thirty or forty years, is to be found in the theatrical taste of the people—not to go back to the theatrical reign of Garrick, which terminated now sixty-three years since, during which the acceptance or rejection of a co-medy formed the subject of general conversation, and most frequently of a voluminous correspondence; and when its appearance was as potent in attracting the "Town" to the theatre, as "a call" is, in securing a full House of Commons. Then there were but two theatres, the seasons of which were limited from the fifteenth of September to the fifteenth of May. Then each theatre had its destined company of actors, a change in which, even in an individual instance, created a sensation in society.—Theatrical representations had a strong hold upon the public up to a much later period; in fact, until that which modern liberality denounced as a gross monopoly was abolished, and playhouses sprung up in almost every street in the metropolis.

The argument in favour of this extension, to the manifest injury of the vested rights of the patentees—vested rights never in these days standing in the way of any new-fangled scheme—was that the population of London and the suburbs had so much increased, that the demand for playhouses was greater than the supply, and that "more theatres" were wanted.

The same might be said, upon similar grounds, of pictures, or prints, or books, or statues; but the answer would naturally be—"Very likely; but where are you to find the painters, the engravers, the sculptors?" "Here, here we are," every dabbler of the worst class feeling himself to be ade-quate to any thing, or every thing, in any or all of the branches of his art. But the public see and feel and think differently. We have the theatres, but where are the authors and the actors to make them attractive. Mon-keys, dogs, goats, horses, giants, lions, tigers, and gentlemen who walk upon the ceiling with their heads downwards, are all very attractive in their way, and they will sometimes, not always, fill the playhouse. But as to the genuine drama, the public taste has been weaned from it, first by the multitude of trashy diversions scattered all over the town; and secondly, by the consequent scattering of the theatrical talent which really does exist. At each of these minor theatres you find some three or four ex-ccellent actors worked off their legs, night after night, who if collected into two good companies, as of old, would give us the legitimate drama, well and satisfactorily. The people would be glad to see their favourites thus

concentrated, and dramatic authors, encouraged by the hope of seeing their plays properly performed, would spring up to furnish us with new food for entertainment.

What is liberally called competition in art, is perfect nonsense. To sa-tisfy the country, let the art be what it may, eminence and power must be secured. In a competition for any public work (in which competition no eminent artist will engage), it must infallibly turn out that its execution will fall to the lot of some one of an inferior class, even let him be justly deemed the head of it. Why should this be? Why should the academi-cal exercise of a Tyro be selected as the design from which a great nation-al monument is to be erected for all posterity!—Would any man in his senses submit himself to be shaved, every day for a month, by a party of eight and twenty practising barber's apprentices, in order to select from among them one easy shaver, when he might send for the master barber at once to shave him easily? Why are the theatres to become schools for actors, at a time when, scattered about its vicinity there is to be found suf-ficient talent to furnish good companies for two regular playhouses, whence so much "public amusement" has been derived.

That the change of hours has very greatly conduced to the failure of theatres is unquestionable; for when anything does occur to make a per-formance attractive, the whole régime of a family is disordered and con-founded. For instance, just now, when the revival of Henry V., by that most zealous disciple of Shakspeare, Mr. Macready, has caused an excite-ment, the inconvenience to which those persons who wish to go to see it and who at this season of universal "commixturation" happen to be dis-engaged, are put, is incalculable. And why do they want to go? To en-joy a play? To admire the immortal bard? Not a bit of it. They are anxious to see the beautiful scenery, painted by one of our first-rate artists, and the charming way in which it sets off the chorus, revived by the classi-cal manager.

That tragedy—except ranting tragedy, attractive still to private-school boys and apprentices—is out of fashion, may be attributed to the change of popular feeling as to sentimentality. There is now no such thing to be found as sentiment. Enlightenment and education have driven it out of society. The griefs of lovers, and the sorrows of their mistresses, have, now become matters of jest. The love which in other days made youth sentimental, has become a matter either of mere passion or sheer profit. Folks marry, either because they think it will be snug and comfortable, or serviceable and convenient; but the whine of a stage heroine, or the sob-bings of a half-crazed hero, have no more effect, except to produce laugh-ter, than the "delicate distresses" of the interesting Delias, and Celias, and Julias, and Amelias, of the respectable and venerated firm of Messrs. Lane and Newman of other days.

One "Public Amusement" seems to have held its place ever since its first establishment in the country—the Opera—it rose in splendour, and though time rolls on, it remains bright and fixed, the sun of the world of fashion which it cheers and charms, in a degree not quite intelligible to those who bask in its rays, neither constantly nor systematically, and who are strangers to the various associations which form its principal charm for its habitual frequenters. But, with this exception, we cannot but be forcibly stricken by the mutations, some of which I have here noticed, intending to return to the subject with reference to other great changes, different from, but still having connexion with, those already remarked upon.

A very handsome ball was given on Thursday last, at Camp Washing-ton, near Trenton, by the officers of the Army.

The Philadelphia National Gazette thus describes the gay and striking scene:—

THE BALL AT CAMP WASHINGTON.

Last night a military ball was given by the officers stationed at Camp Washington. As it was understood that very extensive preparations were in progress for the fête, it became a subject of much conversation, and for the satisfaction of those who did not attend, we offer a few hasty words of description.

The ground, which was very suitable for the purpose, was rendered strikingly romantic, as it exhibited from the Trenton road, numberless lights among the tents and trees. As the company assembled, rockets were constantly sent up in beautiful variety. The arrangements for dan-cing, and the accommodation of the guests, were planned with tasteful in-genuity, and executed with admirable skill. Several large tents extend-ing over a smooth temporary flooring, presented an ample space for exer-cise. Around and along the middle of the room numerous handsome lamps were suspended, decorated with leaves and flowers. At intervals devices of arms and musical instruments, draped with the colours of the regiments and national flags, were hung against the trees and supports within the enclosure. The sides too were festooned with the stripes and stars, and wreaths of laurel and other graceful foliage completed the classic decorations of the ample canvass.

Owing to the unfavourable appearance of the sky through the day, the guests were less numerous than had been expected. About 1500 invita-tions had been sent to various parts of the country, but those who had the pleasure of attending did not exceed a few hundred. Amends, however,

were made, in the great comfort which an excessive crowd would have diminished. By 10 o'clock the ladies had all arrived, and when the dancing commenced, to the playing of an excellent band, the scene was highly picturesque and most agreeably exciting. It seemed as if the gallant managers had selected the fairest of their countrywomen to grace the tented field. As we surveyed the numerous and lovely groups, we had full faith in the saying, that "the American women are the most beautiful in the world." Their dresses, too, in the present tasteful fashion, and the rich uniforms of the officers, enhanced the attractive variety of the spectacles.

Before 12 o'clock, supper was announced, and the company passed to another area, erected and ornamented similarly to that appropriated for dancing. There, two very long tables, united by a third at the top, were covered with a splendid and luxurious display of fruits and confectionary. Every thing was profuse and excellent, and was arranged by Mr. Parkinson in a style most creditable to his ideas of such artificial beauty. Flowing glasses and bright eyes sparkled around the sumptuous board, and young hearts beat lightly to glad melodies. As the night waned and quadrilles were resumed, a few retired, but morning almost stood tiptoe upon the misty mountain top, before the sentry was left alone upon his watch.

The large company which thus enjoyed the liberal and elegant hospitality of the officers of Camp Washington, will long bear it in pleasing and grateful recollection.

ENGLISH OPERA AND BALLET,

AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mademoiselle PAULINE GARCIA came out recently in *La Cenerentola*, it being only the second character in which she has ever appeared. Her extreme youth, her great exertions, and the early fame she has already at stake, made us feel somewhat nervous as to her success, which we are happy to be able to announce was complete. What distinguished PAULINE's execution on Saturday was the loudness of her tones, for fear had removed some of their volume; it was the absence of all ill timed effort and the good keeping of her performance throughout. She looked so youthful and naïve that we could not but echo *Don Ramiro's* words, "Mi seduce la sua, simplicità." In her duet with RUBINI, and in the two last *morceaux*—the one so gracefully and quietly melodious, the other so playful—she introduced a flood of ornaments of the boldest, most novel, and most pleasing description. The pieces were all three encored; they were executed with so much ease that the public felt the pleasure they imparted without seeing through the mechanism that produced them; and this is the most difficult as well as the most desirable object to be attained in the use of *fuoriture*. After the concluding air of "Pin mesta," to which PAULINE's genius of invention imparted novelty, although for twenty years past it has been sung by *prime donne* of every calibre, and played to satiety on every instrument that boasts of wind or cat-gut, the applause was immense. It need scarcely be added that PAULINE was summoned before the audience, and that with her came forward her bright fellow artists. The latter had certainly turned their inferior parts to the utmost profit.—RUBINI, as he is wont to do when he has but trifles to sing, threw himself into a maze of *floriture*, of which he alone possesses the thread—at one moment feathering his voice into a just audible vibrating whisper, and next, when you might think him exhausted, pouring forth full-bodied tones from his chest, whence he leapt again up to one of those curious argentine sounds of his head voice. We were happy to find LABLACHE appear wholly recovered from his late indisposition—"a giant refreshed." One enjoyment we wish him when he is ailing, and that is to have, in the way of remedy, the seeing and hearing of a great singer so humorously delightful as he was the night before last. Across his broad humour the mercurial agility in voice and action of TAMBURINI shone charmingly in *Dandini*.—He was in admirable voice, as his auditors gave him very audibly to understand. It is seldom that the comic stage presents any thing equal to the humour displayed by these two great singers in their duet of *La Cenerentola*. As for TAGLIONI in *La Gitana*, which followed the opera, the spectators exchanged parts with her, and told her their good fortune in no mysterious or whispered accents. Judging from the rapidity with which she upsets the usual dignified composure of John Bull, full surely had she lived in the classic times of Greece she would have been taken for *Terpsichore* herself, and stifled with incense by her votaries. Her beautiful "Mazurka" was enthusiastically encored, and one of the most splendid audiences we have ever beheld lingered to bestow thundering applause upon her incomparable "Cachuca." The house was crowded to suffocation, and in the pit it required to be made of the same "squeezeable materials as a Whig Ministry," not now and then to emit a groan when the large concourse oscillated under the "pressure from without." Her MAJESTY honoured the opera with her presence, and we also noticed their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess and Princess AUGUSTA of CAMBRIDGE. If we be not mistaken, we likewise observed among the fashionable company a gallant officer who recently held a high station in the royal household, and whose approaching departure for, and contemplated long residence on the continent are reported to have been determined by the judicious advice of one who enjoys the confidence and commands the respect of all parties in this country.

Plunderings by the Way.

AN EXCHANGE.—Last Monday, at about nine in the evening, two amateurs of bathing, the one dressed in the most elegant manner, the other in tattered and squalid garments, arrived at the same time on the Quay de la Rapée. They undressed, took to the water, and were soon out of each other's sight. Whilst the young dandy was enjoying himself in the Seine, the man of rags slyly came on shore, and thinking, no doubt, that he would feel much more comfortable in new and well made clothes than in his own, he invested himself with his neighbour's, and withdrew, leaving his own relics in their stead, not however forgetting to deck himself with a handsome gold watch, hanging to a magnificent chain of the same metal. Woful was the fashionable's disappointment to find, in place of his splendid garments and fine white shirt, a heap of dirty, tattered clothes and a repulsive black shirt, which he was nevertheless compelled to put over his delicate person, in order to reach the nearest guard-house and tell his mishap.—*Paris Paper*.

THE LONDON POLICE, often disclose facts and characteristics connected with vagrancy that would, in a higher sphere, betoken traits of prudence and forethought most calculated to achieve the possession of wealth, and with it the admiration of this money seeking generation. The following is illustrative of our meaning:—

James Wilson, a ragged but intelligent-looking little boy, was charged with having a pistol and a bullet mould in his possession and not giving a satisfactory account of how he got them.

The little fellow's statement was singular. He said that his parents were dead, and that he managed to obtain a livelihood by holding horses in front of the Bank of England. That he slept at the common lodging-houses about town, and knowing that such places were very much frequented by thieves, instead of taking his earnings about in his pockets, he always when he collected a nice little sum together, went to Epping Forest, and buried it beneath a particular tree, where he knew it would be out of the reach of thieves. With the money that he had thus saved he purchased the pistol and mould, with the intention of selling them again to make a profit.

The above statement of the boy was considered so satisfactory by the magistrate that he discharged him, but at the same time advised him to put his money into the savings bank, instead of placing it under ground.

ANIMAL INSTINCT AT COURT.—Brougham, in his work upon the Instinct of Animals, speaking of the cunning of foxes, says:—"The cunning of foxes is proverbial; but I know not if it ever was more remarkably displayed than in the Duke of Beaufort's county, where Reynard being hard pressed, disappeared suddenly, and was, after strict search, found immersed in a water-pool up to the very snout, by which he held a willow-bough hanging over the pond." We think his Lordship ought to make a note of the cunning of a "pet Lamb," who being recently hard pressed, took refuge under his *Mistress's* petticoat. He beat the fox in keeping "his head above water," although he will have to sing "willow" by and by.—*English Paper*.

MAIL COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND INDIA.—By the arrangements which will take effect under the convention, the Indian mails will be entirely disconnected from the line of Lisbon and Gibraltar steamers. The mails outwards will be carried in sealed boxes and under the charge of an English messenger to Marseilles, where an English steamer in waiting will convey them to Malta, and from thence they will be forwarded without delay to Alexandria, and overland to the Red Sea and their destination. As regards the homeward mails, the steamer will be in waiting at Alexandria—on the arrival of the mails she will proceed with the letters forthwith to Malta—at Malta a change of steamers will take place, for the purpose of avoiding some difficulties as to quarantine, and the mails will be forwarded again by a steamer to Marseilles, where an English messenger will be in waiting, and convey them in his custody and in sealed boxes to Calais. By this arrangement we trust that the difficulties and delays which have been complained of will be obviated, and the quickest transmission both of government communications and private letters secured. The convention is to take effect two months from the ratification of the treaty. By this arrangement the steam communication with India will be placed upon a satisfactory footing, and a rapid communication secured with one of our most important colonial possessions. A contract has already been entered into for a communication by steam with Halifax every fortnight, which will come into effect in the course of next summer. A similar plan for communication with the West Indies, Mexico, and Chagres, is now under the consideration of the government with every prospect of success.—*Ministerial Paper*.

A PIECE OF INFORMATION.—At a late assizes at Lancaster, a very old man, an Irishman, was found guilty of an offence for which he was sen-

tenced to 14 years' transportation. On receiving the sentence, he bowed profoundly to the court, and thanked his lordship, "for, indeed," says he, "I did not think I had so long to live till your lordship told me."

"Miss BRAHAM, the eldest daughter of the eminent vocalist, was recently married to a brother of the Earl of Waldegrave. The young lady possesses a considerable fortune in her own right."—*Morning Paper*.—This is all nonsense. All she can possess is from the well-merited wealth of her distinguished father. But the "Honorable is truly in luck, for he is fortunately, on this earth, in "A-Braham's" bosom!

PICKWICK ABROAD, and THE MEMOIRS OF DAVY DREAMY.—These productions belong to the same class, and though written for the gratification of the laughter-loving—among which we beg to be included—we must confess we have felt quite as much inclined to yawn as to smile, during their perusal.

PIGGISM AND PAUPERISM.—We are not aware that animal magnetism has lately made much progress in this kingdom, but Brother Jonathan assures us that it thrives rapidly across the Atlantic. They fatten pigs with it there; and it is produced by scraping the pigs' backs with an iron hoop. Jonathan is a funny fellow; but we would recommend the experiment to the Poor-law Commissioners. Skinning the backs of the paupers might moreover afford them considerable amusement. They now, it is true, can skin a flint; and having got their hands into such a nicety, they would not have much difficulty with the backs of the inmates of the bastiles.—*Eng. paper*.

It may be gratifying to our friends to learn how favourably are regarded the early writings of our associate by the English press, and how extensively they are circulated and read. The following announcement of the publication of the third edition of the "Pencilings" we find in a London paper:—

PENCILINGS BY THE WAY.—By N. P. WILLIS, Esq.. A New Edition. Macrone.—We are not much in the habit of noticing new editions; but it is impossible to pass over this reprint of one of the most amusing and interesting books in the language. To discuss the character of "Pencilings by the Way" would be needless, for it is well known in every corner of the kingdom; but we think it our duty to let our readers know that they have now the opportunity of possessing the work in a cheap and handsome form, well illustrated.

THE "Serpent."—The Kennebeck Gazette says that His Majesty, the Serpent, was again seen in the Kennebeck harbor, two miles out, on Monday evening and Thursday afternoon of the present week. So testify "credible witnesses." Many, hitherto incredulous touching the existence of this "monster of the deep," says the Gazette, are becoming strong believers therein. The fishermen complain that as soon as he appears, the fish forsake their usual haunts. The monster is expected to be in the vicinity of the Cottage in all August.

DICKENS.—The National Gazette gives the following sketch of Mr. Dickens, the author of the Pickwick papers:

"In person he is a little above the standard height, though not tall. His figure is slight without being meagre, and is well proportioned. The face, the first object of physical interest, is peculiar though not remarkable. An ample forehead is displayed under a quantity of light hair, worn in a mass on one side of his head rather jauntily, and this is the only semblance of dandyism in his appearance. His brow is marked, his eye, though not large, bright and expressive. The most regular feature is the nose, which may be called handsome; an epithet not applicable to his lips, which are too large. Taken altogether, the countenance, which is pale without sickness, is, in repose, extremely agreeable and indicative of refinement and intelligence. Mr. Dickens' manner and conversation, except, perhaps to the *abandon* among his familiars, have no exhibition of particular wit, much less of humour. He is mild in the tones of his voice and quiescent; evincing habitual attention to the etiquette and conventionalisms of polished circles. His society is much sought after, and possibly to avoid the invitations pressed upon him he does not reside in London; but with a lovely wife and two charming children, he has a retreat in the vicinity. He is about 26 years of age, but does not look more than 23 or 4. Mr. Dickens is entirely self made, and rose from a humble station by virtue of his moral worth, his genius, and his industry."

A facetious tradesman after having repeatedly announced that he was *selling off*, has now placarded his house with bills stating that he is *selling on*!

PARDON.—Great injuries pardoned preclude the enjoyment of happiness between the pardoner and pardoned; for the one is vested with a superiority that wounds the self-love of the other, who, though he may admire the generosity of him who forgives, can love him no more.

VISIT TO THE THAMES TUNNEL.

A few days ago the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, accompanied by Sir C. S. Hunter and the chaplain to the mayoralty, visited Mr. Brunel at the Thames Tunnel, to witness the progress of the labours of that eminent engineer. Previously to the visit beneath the Thames his Lordship went to the Mint to view the progress of coining, from the stamping

of the die to the last finish. There were in progress several very elegant gold medals for distribution to the successful candidates at the ensuing examination at St. Paul's School, and some fine bronzes medals, of large size, for the society at Lloyd's, to be presented to those who are instrumental in saving life from shipwreck. These medals were in progress of being struck while the party were present, and the officers of the establishment were most attentive, and gave very interesting and lucid descriptions of the various processes.

From the Mint the party immediately proceeded to the Tunnel, where they were received by the chairman and directors of the undertaking and Mr. Brunel, who expressed the high gratification he experienced at seeing the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at the bottom of the river, to which perhaps the coal owners in the upper elements wished his Lordship to have been consigned twelve months ago, without the chance of ever warming himself at a fire again. The engineer had caused boards to be laid down covered with sawdust, and extra lights to be placed in the Tunnel as to enable the party to proceed beyond the limits prescribed to ordinary visitors, even the shield where the workmen were immediately employed in this most wonderful undertaking. One lady had the courage to venture with his Lordship to the spot close to which one of the boards were removed from the bed of the river, and some of the soil was excavated.

The works as they approach their termination appear to proceed with great rapidity, and have now arrived within three feet of low water mark, after passing which point all may be considered as safe as the Rock of Gibraltar. The public have no notion of the prodigious labour and skill exercised in advancing this most extraordinary enterprise. The ground above the heads of the workmen and at the bottom of the river is so rotten that they are obliged to cause bags of clay to be thrown over the space in which they are immediately engaged. Over these bags is placed a heavy barge at high water. As the tide ebbs this barge rests upon the clay, and presses a hard surface over the spot. Mr. Brunel produced some of the clay bags which had been taken from behind the shield in as perfect a state as that in which they were when first deposited at the bottom of the river. An engine of immense power pumps the water from the shield to the shaft, from whence it is again pumped up to the surface and discharged into the river. The engine also conveys the mud from the shield along the Tunnel in carts, and then raises it to the top, when it is again received into carts and thrown into barges. Some of the mud is as thin as street mud, and some is solid and resembles blue clay. The offensive matter from the gas which pours from all quarters in such quantities into the Thames has settled into the mud, and produces a compound of most villanous smells while the excavation proceeds, but the chloride of lime abundantly supplied makes existence endurable.

Mr. Brunel presented Miss Wilson with a box of *Tunnel Diamonds* (small shells, which glittered in the sun, and threw out brilliant colours).

The rush of water about the works of the shield in the Tunnel at first created a sensation of alarm in some of the party, but all apprehension was soon dissipated by the explanation which Mr. Brunel entered into of the prosecution of the work.

The directors expressed to the Lord Mayor how highly indebted they were to the different chief magistrates, as conservators of the river, for the great assistance and accommodation they had from time to time received from them, in being allowed to have a barge moored over the place in which the workmen were busied in excavating, to prevent the heavy ships from doing mischief. They also stated that they owed a great debt of gratitude to the navigation committee for its ready compliance with their wishes upon every occasion on which application had been made to them; and Mr. Brunel assured the Lord Mayor that it would give him the greatest imaginable pleasure to see every one of the members of the corporation and their wives and daughters at the bottom of the river as speedily as possible. The exulting and enthusiastic engineer also hoped, in anticipating the speedy accomplishment of his wonderful performance, that the time was not distant when he should see the Lord Mayor's state coach wending its way beneath the waters of that noble river.

The party returned to the Mansion House charmed and edified by what they had witnessed.

LORD BROUGHAM AND THE BISHOPS.

This equally eccentric and talented gentleman is often as great a source of annoyance to his political friends as to his antagonists. During a recent discussion in Parliament, on a favourite bill of his Lordship's to regulate the beer shops of the metropolis, he severely censured the Bishops for absenting themselves from the House, when so important a subject, to the morals of the community, was under debate. Turning to the seats of the Bishops, he said:—

How often have I heard the beer-houses denounced by the right reverend occupants of that bench! There is hardly a Bishop whom I have not heard imploring your Lordships from this very place, for God's sake to apply a remedy to that which makes all our preaching and teaching vain,

to reform those nests of drunkenness, to remove those plagues. And now that I come forward at their instigation; that I lend myself as their coadjutor; that I put myself, as an humble instrument, in the hands of the guardians of morality and religion; but two out of six-and-twenty right reverend prelates will sacrifice their dinner, or their regard for their belly, which is their God. [Laughter.]

Lord Salisbury rose to order, and the following scene ensued:—

Lord Salisbury—I move that the noble and learned lord's words be taken down.

Lord Brougham—That they may be taken down correctly I think I had better repeat them. I was saying that the bench of Bishops—

Lord Kenyon—I rise to order. The moment the words are objected to, no time should be lost in taking them down.

Lord Brougham—I am just repeating them, that the clerk may be at no loss. The bench of Bishops, more than all the peers of the realm, have expressed their strong sense of the evil effect of beer houses to the morals of the people under their care; and it is chiefly at their instigation that I have brought forward a measure as their coadjutor, and a humble instrument in their hands, for the purpose of putting down what they abominate as prejudicial to the morals of the people.

The Marquis of Salisbury—These are not the words.

Lord Brougham—Allow me to finish the sentence; I am getting on. But I find that the whole twenty-six Prelates—

Lord Kenyon—I rise again to order. A noble friend of mine has called the noble and learned lord to order, and he must state the reasons why he did call him to order.

Lord Brougham—The words must first be taken down.

Considerable confusion here prevailed in the House, two or three noble lords speaking at once; which terminated by the rising of Lord Ellenborough, who said, that in point of fact the opportunity had now passed. [Shouts of "hear, hear!" from Lord Brougham.] The rules of the House required that the words should be taken down instantly.

The Marquis of Salisbury hoped the noble and learned lord would at least explain his meaning.

Lord Brougham—I have no objection to state my words. I said that the bench of Bishops, at whose instigation I have brought forward this measure, and in whose hands I have been an humble tool, out of their great regard for the morals of the people, had sacrificed all personal consideration, and had attended by two of their body upon the present occasion—[laughter]—I felt peculiar pain that no more of them were here.

This was all he had meant.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

We copy the following from the National Intelligencer, in which paper it appears as a communication from a traveller:

So many and so conflicting have been the accounts and conjectures respecting the defeat of Braddock, and the army he commanded in 1775, that the real causes have been lost in mist. As I am not confined to any regular plan of historical narration, the following is given as it was given to me:—

In January 1824, I met James Ross, Esq., of Western Pennsylvania, whom I had known from my infancy. While recalling scenes long past, and which, from his much more advanced age and experience, Mr. Ross knew so much better, the defeat of Braddock was mentioned, and on that subject he observed, "I can relate what was related in my hearing by the father of his country," and then proceeded:

"In that part of war, which consists in watching an enemy," observed Gen. Washington, "the Indians are perfect, and the army commanded by Braddock was watched carefully by some Indian spies, and some French soldiers trained to Indian manners. Independent of Indians, there was in Fort du Quesne no force at the time, which could, with any probability of success, oppose the advancing British and Provincials, and the French commandant in the fort had expressed the necessity of either retreat or surrender. By accident, rather than from any design or concert, there were at the moment, about the fort four or five hundred Indian warriors. Of the French garrison one officer, of inferior rank, strenuously urged that, for the honor of the French arms, some resistance ought to be made. This young man consulted the Indians, who volunteered to the number of about four hundred. With difficulty, the young hero obtained from his commander permission to lead out, to a certain limit, such French soldiers as chose to join in the desperate enterprise. Of the French about thirty volunteered, and with these four hundred and thirty men the gallant Frenchman marched out to meet more than threefold their number.

In the meantime, every remonstrance by other colonial officers, and by Washington himself, was rejected with insult, and Braddock advanced, as if determined on destruction, and was suffered to proceed just as far as the enemy desired. Once in the snare, defeat and death to near one half of the whole army, with her infatuated general, was the result.

When the victory was reported to the commandant at Fort du Quesne, his transport knew no bounds; the young hero was received with open arms, loaded with the most extravagant honours, and in a few days sent to report the victory to the Governor General of Canada. But behold! when the despatches were opened, they consisted of criminal charges of peculation in his office of paymaster, and of other charges equally criminal. Under these charges this injured man was tried, broke, and ruined. So matters rested until, in the Revolutionary war, the subject of Braddock's defeat happened to come into conversation between Gen. Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette. In this conversation the real facts were stated to Lafayette, who heard them with unqualified astonishment; but with his powerful sense of justice, determined to do all in his power to repair what he considered a national act of cruelty and injustice, he took and preserved the notes, and on his return to Europe had inquiries made, and the victim found in a state of poverty and wretchedness, broken down by advancing years and unmerited obloquy. The affair was brought before the Government of France, and, as the real events were made manifest, the officer was restored to his rank and honours.

I do not pretend to have reported the exact words of M. Ross, nor did he pretend to give verbatim the expressions of General Washington, but as to the general facts there is no doubt of their truth; and who is to decide the meed of baseness between the two commanders on the inside and outside of Fort du Quesne? Another fact I believe founded in truth. When I was removed by my parents to the neighbourhood, the popular report was, that Braddock received his mortal wound from a man of the name of Fausett. When my father was removing with his family to the West, one of the Fausetts kept a public house to the Eastward from and near where Uniontown now stands as the county seat of Fayette, Pa. This man's house we lodged in about the 10th of October, 1781, twenty-six years and a few months after Braddock's defeat, and there it was made any thing but a secret that one of the family dealt the death-blow to the British General.

Thirteen years afterwards I met Thomas Fausett in Fayette county, then, as he told me in his 70th year. To him I put the question, and received the plain reply "I did shoot him!" He then went on to insist that, by doing so, he contributed to save what was left of the army. In brief, in my youth, I never heard the fact either doubted or blamed, that Fausett shot Braddock.

AN IRISH JEHU.

There seems to be a special providence expressly provided for Irish men, women, and children, without which, what with fires, floods, burnings, house-fallings, car-upsettings, &c., there would not be a whole bone in the island. "I have been doing my best to drive over a child in this town for the last eight-and-twenty years," said an English mail-coach driver to his friend on the box, "and never could do it!" The risks that are run, the hazards encountered in every excursion by land or by water by these dare-devil people, would astonish and terrify their more civilised and cautious neighbors. At the top of one of the steepest mountain-roads in the west of Ireland Lord Guillamore stopped the driver of the chaise he was seated in, proclaiming his intention to walk it down rather than proceed in the carriage—the rather as one of the horses, a young, long-tailed chesnut, had given, even on the level road, some very unequivocal signs of hot temper and unsteadiness.

"I'd rather get out here," said the Chief Baron.

"Anan!" said the postillion, purposely turning a deaf ear to what he conceived a slur upon his coachmanship.

"I'll get down—open the door, my man," reiterated his lordship.

"True for ye, it's a fine bit of road, yer honor," said the incorrigible fellow, still pretending to mistake what was said, and all the while approaching slowly and insidiously to the verge of the hill. "Now, hold fast," said the wretch, as he laid the lash first over one, then over the other of his horses, and set off down the mountain at a most furious pace. The horses both flying out at either side from the pole, and the chaise spinning and bumping through ruts and over stones that every minute threatened annihilation—the long-tailed chesnut contriving, even in his top speed, to show both his hind hoofs very near the judge's nose as he sat in the chaise, the postillion springing with wonderful agility from one side to the other, to avoid kicks that threatened every instant to smash his skull. Down they went, the pace increasing, the windows broken by the concussion, and one door flung wide open, and increasing by its banging noise the confusion of the scene. The road terminated at the foot of the mountain in a narrow bridge that led off at a very sharp angle from the line; and here the terrified judge expected as inevitable the fate that he had hitherto by miracle escaped. Down they came, the hot chesnut now half-mad from excitement springing four and five feet every bound, and dragging along the other horse at the most terrific rate. They reached the bridge—round went the chaise on two wheels, and in a moment more they pulled up in safety at the opposite side, both the horses being driven, collar-up, into a quickset hedge. Before the Chief Baron had time to speak, the fellow was down mending the harness with a piece of cord, as leisurely as if nothing remarkable had happened.

"Tell me, my fine fellow," said his lordship, "was that chesnut ever in harness before?"

"Never, my lord; but the master says he'll give eight pound for her if she'd bring your lordship down this bit of Sliev-na-muck, without breaking the chaise or 'doing ye any harm.'"

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